TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

So far the attempt to have a proper and patriotic celebration in Toronto of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Confederation of Canada has not been very encouraging. At the first meeting held by the citizens to urge the city government to take action, it was decided that the entire responsibility should be left with the Council. The Executive was appealed to and they recommended five thousand dollars—all that was asked. The Council ratified this recommendation, but as usual left a door of escape behind the City Solicitor's opinion as to the legality of the grant. I have more than once expressed my opinion of a body that hasn't backbone enough to proceed to do what is necessary for the city's good, fortified by the knowledge that what the city almost unanimously demands will not be prevented if the Council acts boldly and does not itself raise the legal technicalities. The City Solicitor advised the Council that exception could be taken to the grant; he also advised the Citizens' Committee that the statutes would not permit a greater annual expenditure than five thousand dollars on all receptions and raveling expenses of deputations. I have often taken exception to the fearsome methods of the City Solicitor, but in this case he seems to be hedged about by legal definitions which make it impossible to blame him for the result of the many almost fruitless conferences. Mr. Coady when asked to state the amount already expended or pledged, felt that fifteen hundred dollars would have to be deducted from the five thousand voted. Very reluctantly indeed the Committee decided to accept the balance and proposed to have as good a celebration as possible. After the plans had been made and sub-committees arranged, Mr. Coady discovered that the amount had shrunk another fifteen hundred dollars, leaving only two thousand. Of course it is impossible to have a military parade or anything of the sort with such a trifling sum. If the aldermen were not so wofully afraid of an injunction in trying to do something for Toronto which would attract the attention and patronage of the entire province, five thousand dollars would have been voted and no questions asked, and even if the injunction had been issued legislation could have been obtained to warrant the payment of the amount and make legal such reasonable grants in the future.

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Another feature of the effort to organize for the celebration was the absence of the rich merchants and large property owners who are obtaining the largest share of Toronto's prosperity. These gentlemen are always willing that the work of bringing Toronto to the front, whether it be by means of railway enterprises, industrial exhibitions, holiday celebrations, municipal reforms, etc., be attended to by their more enthusiastic but less selfish brethren. Nor can it be said that the volunteers themselves have been exceedingly enthusiastic. As one gentleman said, the twenty-fourth of May is by custom a regular parade day, so is Thanksgiving, and the volunteers feel they ought to have Dominion Day to themselves. Possibly this is right, but it is depreciating the day in which Canadians should feel the greatest pride and in which they should take the greatest interest. However, it cannot be a matter of wonder that our volunteers become tired of being the chief features of holiday celebrations. They are constantly being asked to visit other cities and at expense and inconvenience to themselves are continually taking such jaunts. The City Council should make a grant for the proper celebration of the First of July, and it should be the custom to vote this amount every year. It should be large enough to make the turn out of local and county troops a regular feature. If this were the case, aided by private subscriptions and municipal aid Toronto would become the most attractive city in all Canada on our national birthday. In fact, the celebration of the First of July should be not merely something to be hurriedly arranged for a few days before it comes around, but a matter of settled policy. As this has not been the case and as the Legislature has surrounded our city government with provisions as rural and inapplicable as the Drainage and Water Courses Act, the Council cannot be held altogether responsible for the practical abandonment of the proposed Dominion Day celebration, for of course the failure to materialize on the five thousand dollar grant must mean the abandonment of the enterprise, except as a school children's exhibition and concert, with perhaps some fireworks in the evening. No committee can be obtained to go around and solicit by private subscription the three or four thousand dollars necessary to have the smallest kind of a parade. Nor should a few be called upon either to solicit or pay subscriptions. These affairs are for the benefit of the whole city and as far as national sentiment goes for the good of the whole country. No one who has not tried the experiment of begging funds for a celebration knows what a humiliating position it is. Each solicitor is felt to be a nuisance and while personal friendship and the conventionalities of business force the victim to be courteous and possibly generous, yet there is underlying the whole solicitation a feeling that money is being extorted by a presumptuous person on a sentimental plea but for a selfish purpose. No self-respecting man will be twice put in that position. If we are to have celebrations we may just as well understand that the city must pay for them out of the taxes and the burden not be inflicted on the few. If the taxpayers are not patriotic enough to desire to celebrate the birthday of the Canadian nation, they are to be pitied and should be educated. If they are patriotic enough, Toronto should make itself felt as the chief literary and educational center in the Dominion.

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The United States every four years is attacked by a burning fever of politics. Its pulse jumps away up from its normal school condition and everybody stays awake nights arguing as to who shall be the Republican or Democratic nominee, and after these points are settled, as to who shall be President. There is no doubt that business is considerably disturbed by this feverish condition; new ventures are not entered into, churches and prayer meetings and theaters are partially deserted, and citizens ordinarily inclined to staid and decorous conduct stay out nights and march as Clubs and yell and act like boys. Admitting all this, it remains a fact that presidential year with all its intensity of political fervor has been the salvation as well as the menace of the United States. People cannot talk politics as much as they do in the republic to the south of us without eventually learning something about the questions under discussion. Newspapers contain nothing of interest save the "burning questions of the day." The majority of the electors, in cities at any rate, buy journals containing opposite views; speech-making is the order of the afternoon and the disturbance of the night. The very enthusiasm with which these people enter into their contests must necessarily prevent for a time at least a cool and thoroughly wise decision, but in politics the hardest task is to keep the popular heart right and this cannot be done unless there is some enthusiasm. Apathy is the deadly enemy of clean politics. If a community can be aroused, even if it be no oftener than once in four years, it is safe from dry rot and the ravages of a few professional politicians.

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If here in Canada everybody would set apart three months and devote the time to politics and to enthusiastic discussion of political questions, overtopped as politics always are in the United States by the great cry of "Our country, the greatest nation on earth!" we would be better off. We can sit aside and criticize some of the compromise candidates who have been offered for the presidency, where personal greatness was set aside in favor of mediocrity—yet is not that the rule in almost every constituency in Canada? Our best men have to be hawked about from constituency to constituency in order to have a seat in Parliament; local feuds must be settled by compromise and when that compromise involves a candidate he must be a man without sharp corners, a man of no particular merit yet not offensive to the warring factions. I am not in sympathy with many of the Yankee methods, yet they can show a long line of presidents, few of whom have been tainted even by a charge of personal corruption or public indecency. Many of them have been men of noble character, brave and faithful, men well worthy of public place. It is idle and ineffectual for us to belittle the grand enthusiasm which creates the political storm of presidential year. It is the culmination of the education given to the children of the millions who were the fore-runners of the sixty-five millions of people now there. For over a hundred years the backbone of the republic has had itself stiffened on every Fourth of July by demonstrations and speech-making at the cities, villages and cross-roads the nation over. The preachers are not afraid to be politicians and they dare not be anything but national. No president has ever been nominated or elected on such small sectarian cries as pervade our smallest politics; not that the people of that country are less inclined to sectarianism than we are, but because the constitution forbids any advantage to be given to any sect or any money to be voted to any denomination either on the plea of separate schools or state church.

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We as Canadians have the glorious right to participate in a constitutional history much greater than that of the United States, firmer in many respects, more elastic and equally free. I may be controlled by prejudice, yet I would so much rather have the British flag over my head that even if our institutions were less adapted to a free people I would maintain that our laws and traditions and the sense of British justice which pervades every citizen of Anglo-Saxon origin, would compensate us for the absence of a few superior points in a but partially practical theory. Yet while maintaining my belief in our flag and in our traditions and in the superiority of many of our institutions, I am firmly convinced that Canada will never be at rest, her factions harmonized and her future settled until she too is governed by a strong written constitution. While we are of Anglo-Saxon origin we are developing our nation in a new country where tradition is not binding on the foreigner who makes his home with us, nor of any effect in quelling the daily disturbances brought about by the rivalries of all sorts and conditions of people. England is partially protected from religious issues by a state church; the United States is protected from the same evils by a constitutional enactment making impossible the recognition of any church. Here in Canada we are struggling to recognize every church and apparently trying to create a half a dozen state churches. England never thinks of but one language for her people and her laws and dates are all in the mother tongue. The United States is the same; a change would be impossible. Here we are disturbed by dual language. Century upon century of bitter factional fight and glorious victory after glorious victory for liberty, have established in Great Britain a constitution which has been made inviolable by the battle fields which are still unforgotten, reminders of the victories that were won, the monuments still stand to the heroes who fought, instilling into the minds of youth the principles which have perfected the government. The United States, on the other hand, has its battle fields and its monuments together with its principles embodied in a constitution. We as Canadians have battle fields which the French esteem because they won victories over the English; we have battle fields which we prize because they echo back our victories over the French; we have our battle fields which recall our contests with one another, but we have nothing which apparently rouses the heart of every citizen and makes him faithful either to a written or an unwritten constitution. We cannot have the fidelity to the unwritten constitution until we have the age and experience which alone can make sacred and permanent a principle or set of principles. It requires centuries to fuse conflicting races into a homogeneous union. When we are as old as Great Britain our race troubles will be as nearly over as theirs are, but it excites the envy of the discontented in this new country to see race troubles have so small a share in politics as they have in the United States, where presidential nominees are not made because a man is a Methodist, or a Presbyterian, or a Roman Catholic, or an Anglican, or a German, or an Irishman, or an Englishman, or a Scotchman, or an Italian. The cry is for the best "American." We object to say citizens of a portion of the continent claiming this large title, yet we can respect the impulse which claims for its country the largest name and the greatest future conceivable by the most vivid imagination of its citizens. Nor must we forget that the United States have a "color" question likely at any time to produce a crisis; the wonder is that they have had but one civil war.

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The lynching of the colored man in Port Jervis, N. Y., shows how bitterly the race prejudice divides the whole people of the United States. It was supposed that hostility against the negro existed only in the South, but this incident proves that the color line is quite as distinct in the North. Foley, the man who evidently instigated the outrage, which, by the way, I am quite willing to admit was of such a dreadful character as to justify the lynching, has been permitted to survive, while the negro who was the instrument of his vile machinations was almost torn limb from limb. The press and pulpit of the United States may appear to be very much shocked at this outburst of popular wrath, yet the fact remains that public opinion in Port Jervis condones the lynching and the machinery of the law is entirely powerless to punish the lynchers. No one has been punished for the shooting of the Mafians in New Orleans and nobody will be hanged for the lynching of the Port Jervis negro. I quote this incident simply to show that the white heat and powerful sentiment of the presidential year does much to cement the people of the United States. Were it not for the strong patriotism controlling the Anglo-Saxon and German element in the United States the Republic would long ago have gone to pieces. As it is, this sentiment seems powerful enough to fuse into one general and homogeneous mass the millions of outcasts who have come from Europe and found a home in the Republic, and thus the ship of state is able to stand these hard knocks. Surely it is time for Canada to adopt the methods necessary to weld our Confederation into one patriotic whole. If we neglect this duty we are neglecting what we owe to the Empire and to ourselves. The youngest child alive to-day in Canada will never see this Dominion a part of the republic or severing its present bonds unless Great Britain absolutely refuses to be a Motherland in commercial reality as well as in name. Current events indicate, no matter how diplomatic politicians may deny the purpose of the Imperial authorities, that the colonies have been drawn nearer and that a proper colonial policy is under consideration, yet this does not make less imperative the duty of which I have spoken, that Canada must cement its own fragments in order to be a welcome and worthy member of the league of nations which, instead of belonging to Great Britain as at present, shall in the near future become a portion of the Greatest Empire that the earth has ever seen.

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Would it not be possible for us in Canada to somehow settle amongst ourselves a written constitution more just than the British North America Act and more applicable to the exigencies of our condition than that nebulous affair? Such a constitution would make us safer as a permanent portion of the empire that so many of us are unalterably attached to, and yet to which many of our citizens pay no sentimental homage. This sort of thing, however, will never be brought about while our Dominion Day is the ragged end of the year, a meaningless absence from work, a hot-weather resting spell, a something which comes and goes marked by nothing more enthusiastic or soul-stirring than a hired man's thankfulness for a wet day when he can sleep in the haymow.

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I do not desire to have my friends and the readers of this column who frequently write to me for advice with regard to proposed trips, think me discourteous or inattentive to their wants. Frequently, however, during my absence from the city, letters come asking as to the best way to go to this place and that, from those who believe that because I have written of the country they desire to visit I am able to point out the best means of taking the proposed trip. It is always a pleasure to answer such letters but in many instances requests of that sort have lain on my desk for weeks, as I never have any mail forwarded to me when I am away. While I repeat that to answer such letters is a pleasure, I would suggest that those who wish such information while writing to me should also communicate with Mr. Barlow Cumberland, from whom such information invariably I have obtained my transportation and the facts necessary for whatever voyage or excursion I proposed to take. I have always found him well versed in such matters, courteous in his treatment and exact in his facts and figures. I have no doubt the same applies to other railway and steamship agents throughout the city, but in this matter I only speak of what I know. This may look like an ad.; if so it is entirely immaterial to me. I do not imagine that I am more willing to speak well of him than any individual amongst the thousands he has ticketed to all parts of the world. I repeat that I do not wish my friends and readers to think me unwilling to hear inquiries or to answer questions; I am simply explaining that in pursuit of material for these columns and in following the foreign phases of a business which has helped to make SATURDAY NIGHT a success, I am necessarily often absent from Toronto, and not once, but a hundred times I have had to reproach myself for apparent neglect. So many of those who apply to me are invalids and those living out of Toronto who are unable when necessity demands to quickly procure the desired information, and the delay of a week or two so disarranges their plans, that I have given the source of my information and can but repeat that I will always be willing, with pleasure, to write and give my inquirers the benefit of whatever experience I may possess.

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I give the following letter, written in response to my request, because it is so honest and natural, and reflects the quiet opinion of so many people who are not given to talking:

MY DEAR DON,—I address you thus familiarly because I feel I know you, I have been so long reading your human, cosmopolitan and well written letters. Most of them are of such a nature as to go right to one's heart, and many cases, such as rebound into one's finger-ends, making them tingle with enthusiastic desire to go right off and warmly shake hands with the writer. Sometimes your sentiments I don't concur in, but those are in the minority. I was just aching to write you, and now take advantage of your invitation as given forth in your last SATURDAY NIGHT. Once before you invited correspondence, but fearing I could not write well enough to bother a busy newspaper man with my effusions, I kept putting it off until the opportunity passed by. This now presents itself, and here I go on a subject I feel some interest in but don't know a lot about. I claim to be a Christian politician, and so far as I can, am; but it is difficult at times to fuse the two. I generally vote as conscientiously as I can, and sometimes find it hard to decide, and confess that once in a while if I had my vote to give, after I saw the result, I would record it the other way. Now this, in my opinion, is one reason why it is more difficult to get out a vote on political than religious questions.

Religion, or what we call religion, be it orthodox or otherwise, is a sentiment inborn in every human creature. Conceived in the heart, it grows outwards; whether it develops into the true article as enunciated by our Saviour on the Mount, or the false or infirm, largely depends on our surroundings and education. Most men have some settled idea of religion, while on many political questions they are in doubt! Few are ready to recall a religious vote, and if they were they wouldn't admit it, while many would recall a political one the day after the poll closed—(some backs of both sides excepted). Political opinion begins on the outside and moves inwards, its outwork being business, friendship, associations or self-interest, with here and there a dash of patriotism, while in some way wrapped up with religion is the mother, the wife, the sister, one's children and the parson. In a word, religion is in the heart; politics in the head. A man is a good deal like an ass anyway! He has got to be either driven from behind with a pointed stick or incited from before by holding a bundle of hay in front of his nose. In religious questions the aforesaid loved ones always furnish the pointed stick. It may have valved on it to be sure, but it is there all the same, while in matters political the hay is not always in sight. The last local election is a case in point. The Grits stayed at home, because they did not see that Bigelow was in it, and were surprised when they found that he was—the Conservative, because they saw nothing in it for them. Kent was said to be a decent sort of fellow, and those who knew him liked him well enough, but that is all there was to it.

The Sunday car question was a different matter! There you had something to talk about and it reached into the inner circle of every home; could be discussed at Sunday school, at teachers' meetings, religious teas and church socials of every kind, and greeted and beat, as the Sunday clergyman said. Now, I have noticed particularly that to all questions which are, or are supposed to be, fit subjects to talk about at the Sunday dinner table, the people give a more spontaneous and certain answer. And why not? There, if ever, a question is discussed on its merits and with a chance to pursue the right course. The voter goes forth from that home exalted with the idea that he is a man who knows his duty and is not afraid to do it. He feels pleasure at home and see glory abroad in his act and it will be hard to buy his vote.

Again, it is very easy for a man to be sound in his politics and unsound in his religion, or vice versa. I know Billy Maclean; have read the *World* since its first issue. In its politics it is generally sound but its religion is bad—rather! If I read an article in the *World* which sounded truly religious I would go hunting round for the motives that dictated it, but on hearing a religious lecture from Mr. Sam Blake I would be seized with no such desire, yet politically I do not agree with Sam Blake.

Now I don't believe men are nearly so corruption they are made out to be. The habit we have got into of calling each other names is largely to blame for our bad characters. When men have fixed principles they will not easily sell out, but when a man is in doubt, when he does not see much difference between Pompey and Pete he does not feel that he does much wrong if he exacts from Pompey some

SCENE IN MUSKOKA.

voters for the support he gives him. Look back over the history of this country! Has corruption ever decided any great question? It is true that when the Grits wiped the Tories out after the Pacific scandal the Tories said the Grits bought their way in, and when the Tories swept the country on the National Policy the Grits could not find words loud enough to describe the corruption by which they said the Tories succeeded, but common-sense people knew diff erently, and each party knew the other lied. This is the worst feature! We have too many liars amongst us! Eradicate the liar, and especially the newspaper liar, and you have more than half-banished political corruption. Now, as I am tired and kind of played out, and it is getting late, my dear Don, I am going to stop right here. When I set out to write this letter I intended to re-write it and carefully prune it, but have changed my mind and send it to you in all its crudeness and deformity. When you read it, if ever you do read it, you may possibly tear it up and throw it on the f oor and stamp on the pieces, and perhaps you will swear and call the writer a fool. All right! Go ahead! It will be several blocks away and there will be no telephone connection.

Yours sincerely,
WILLIAM HENRY.

Monday night, May 30, 1892

Subscriptions to Fresh Air Fund.

Previously acknowledged	$ 2 25
Subscriber to Saturday Night	50
Best Wishes, Toronto	5
Kathleen & Gordon, Toronto	5
Jack Pot, Orangeville	1
Clerks, Canada Permanent L. & S. Co.	18
Charles Cockshutt & Co., Toronto	25
Total	$02 75

DEAR DON,—Noticing in the last issue of SATURDAY NIGHT your remark that subscriptions to the Fresh Air Fund were coming in rather slowly, I proposed to the boys, the other night during a game, that we have a little take off to help it along. You will therefore find enclosed the proceeds, $7.00, to be devoted to that purpose. Yours,
JACK POT.

I am much obliged; the fund has taken on quite a boom. Do not let it stop. DON.

Social and Personal.

The social event of the week took place in St. James' Cathedral on Wednesday morning, the occasion being the marriage of Edward Campson Acheson and Miss Ella Gooderham, daughter of Mr. George Gooderham. As early as half-past ten a few ladies entered the great old Cathedral and selected the best positions for seeing the pretty pageant which was to pass in and out at one o'clock. Shortly after twelve every seat was taken, and the aisles were full to the door. The audience was composed almost entirely of ladies, with here and there an interested-looking gentleman. There was nothing to do but talk, admire the ushers, the white satin ribbon, and watch a couple of men arranging plants in the chancel. At half-past twelve precisely the great bell overhead boomed out a call to prayers, and Canon DuMoulin appearing in the chancel urged the congregation to be silent and reverent. Most of them hadn't come to prayers, but they were silent, and many of those present joined devoutly in petition and response. After the short service was over the guests began to arrive, and from that to ten minutes after one they came in an unbroken stream. The variety and brilliancy of the dresses worn was very noticeable. There were many beautiful costumes of pretty striped China silk. I counted as many as a score of leghorn hats, which in every case suited the pretty face underneath. Many of the ladies carried bunches of white lilacs, which make up into the prettiest, most graceful bouquets imaginable. The ushers were Revs. J. E. Carter and Sedgewick of New York, and Messrs. McLaughlin, Bull and Ed. Cronyn. They had their hands full, but there was no hurry, all the guests passed quietly and gracefully to their places.

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At ten minutes after one the bride entered on the arm of her father, Lohengrin's Wedding March pealed forth from the organ and every eye was bent on the pretty bowed head covered with the white veil. The bride was attired in a handsome dress of white gros grain silk, ornamented with orange blossoms and made with a court train. The front was covered with exquisite Venetian lace and the veil was fastened with a magnif cent diamond star, presented by the bride's parents. She carried the prettiest bouquet I think I have ever seen, the contrast between the nodding bells of pure white lilies of the valley and the delicate green stalks was very beautiful. The maid of honor was Miss Violet Gooderham, sister of the bride. The other maids were Miss Maggie Gooderham, a cousin, Miss Mattie Lee, Miss Aileen Gooderham, a niece, and Miss Lily, the bride's sister. Misses Violet and Maggie Gooderham and Mattie Lee were dressed in apple green silk covered with cream spotted *lisse*; they carried white *lisse* parasols and wore large leghorn hats trimmed with white roses and white and green ribbons. Misses Lilly and Aileen were dressed in white *crepe* and moray ribbons and carried white lilacs. The groom was supported by Mr. E. Carter of New York.

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The ceremony was performed by Rev. Canon DuMoulin, assisted by Rev. Canon Sanson. Then the organist played Mendelssohn's Wedding March, the bridal party disappeared to sign the register, after which the procession formed and proceeded down the aisle, everyone gazing at the handsome, smiling faces of the bride and groom.

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Those present in the church were: Mr. and Mrs. Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Gooderham, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Alfred Gooderham; Mr., Mrs. and the Misses C. H. Gooderham, Mr., Mrs. and Miss R. Gooderham, Mr. Henry Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. George Gooderham, jr., Rev. Mr., Mrs. and Miss Blackstock, Mr. T. G., Miss and Master Blackstock, Mr. J. F. W. and Master Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Greenshields of Montreal, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses W. H. Beatty, Mrs. Smart, Rev. Canon Sanson, Rev. Canon, Mrs. and Miss DuMoulin, Dr. J. G. and Mrs. Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brock, Mr. and Mrs. James Roaf, Judge, Mrs. and Miss Falconbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Brouse, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Charles Moss, Mrs. Thomas Moss, Mrs. Sam Blake and the Misses Blake, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Moss, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Jacques, Mrs. Nixon, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses W. S. Lee, Mrs. T. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee, Mrs. and the Misses Taylor, Mr. Maurice Taylor, Principal and Mrs. Sheraton, Mr. and Mrs. R. Myles, Mr. Harry Mickle and Miss Mickle, Dr. and Mrs. Acheson, Mr. and Mrs. Thornton, Rev. E. C. and Mrs. Owen, Mrs. and the Misses Arthurs, Mr. and Mrs. Coulson, Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. Wyld, Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald.

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The carriages drove away amid the merry chiming of the bells. King street was thronged with people hoping for a passing glimpse of the fortunate couple. The reception and wedding breakfast were given in the handsome new residence, Waveney, at the corner of St. George and Bloor streets. The house was beautifully decorated with plants and flowers, and the wedding breakfast was prettily laid out, one large table being spread in the dining-room and small ones placed about the other rooms.

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The happy couple left the house at four o'clock amid the cheers and congratulations of their friends, and left on the 4.55 train to spend a month in the Eastern States, after which they will go to their home in Middletown.

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The Lieut. Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick will hold their first official reception at Government House on Wednesday, June 15, from 4 to 7.

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The choir of St. Margaret's church, Spadina avenue, were treated to their annual supper on Wednesday evening, June 1, by the members of the Woman's Auxiliary and the Chancel Guild. The tables were laden with all the delicacies of the season, and the boys appeared to be indeed contented and happy. Everything passed off with the usual vim. The rector (Rev. R. J. Moore) occupied the chair, and was as usual in happy frame of mind. The first toast was The Queen, followed by the singing of the national anthem. Then The Parish of St. Margaret's was given and coupled with it the name of the Rev. Prof. Clark, the choir and the ladies. Prof. Clark received a prolonged ovation and made a suitable speech in reply. Mr. G. H. Lund responded on behalf of the choir, and Mr. T. S. Hardy for the ladies. Rev. C. H. Shortt responded to the toast The Parish of St. Cyprians, a rapidly growing congregation in the northern part of the city. The evening's engagement was closed at a late hour by all singing Auld Lang Syne.

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A very successful affair was that held on Friday evening, June 3, at the residence of Mrs. Fred J. Lumsden of Metcalfe street, when a few of the friends of Mrs. C. W. Shaw (who is leaving for Vancouver, B. C.), assembled to bid her *bon voyage*. Amongst those present we noticed: The Misses Madge Bach and Lillie Clarkson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Blake, Mr. and Mrs. J. Irwin and Messrs. Percy Hock, Charles Thompson, J. Hucheson and H. Codd.

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Mr. E. C. Arnoldi, who now resides in Spokane, W. T., visited Toronto last week on his way through to Montreal.

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Mr. George Bruenech, who for the last six months has been living in Detroit, returned to Toronto last week.

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Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Macrae have returned from their wedding trip and are now living at the Island for the summer.

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Miss Alice Moyer of Berlin has been in the city for a few days, the guest of Mrs. William Ardagh of Seaton street.

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Mrs. K. M. Moffatt, Mrs. Brophy and child and her mother, Mrs. Smith, are boarding at Trave Cottage, Port Hope. The Misses Hugel are also at the same house for the summer months.

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Mrs. Byron Nicholson of Toronto will spend the summer at Quebec.

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Mrs. J. A. Proctor of Grenville street is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Barritt of Denver, Colorado.

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Mr. and Mrs. H. Dewart gave a pleasant progressive euchre party on Friday evening, June 3. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Willison, Mr. and Mrs. Candee, Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Mara, Miss Irene Gurney, Miss Eva Kennedy, Mrs. Glasgow, Miss Wells, Mr. and Mrs. Tackaberry, Miss Edith Robinson of Hamilton, Dr. W. Robinson, Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. McCrimmon, Miss Hall, Miss Lamport, Mr. E. Dewart and Mr. Horace Harvey.

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Mrs. John Michie of London is visiting Miss Michie of Westholme.

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Mr. Edmund Morris has returned for his summer vacation from New York, where he has been studying art during the past winter.

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Mr. and Mrs. Thomas West sailed last week for England, where they will stay for three months.

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Judge and Mrs. Burton and Mrs. Charles Ferguson leave this week for Europe.

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In spite of the early hour, a large number of people gathered in Cooke's church on Tuesday morning, the occasion being the marriage of Rev. M. P. Talling, B.A., pastor of St. James' church of London, and Miss M. A. Cooper, daughter of Mr. Wm. Cooper, 146 Berkeley street, Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Wm. Patterson, assisted by Rev. Prof. Gregg, D.D., and Rev. J. Arnold Parsons, B.A., of Corry, Pa. Mr. W. E. Earl of the Earl Publishing House, St. John, N.B., supported the groom. During the ceremony Miss Carter played the Wedding March. The bride wore a traveling costume of fawn with brown trimmings and hat to match. The bridesmaid, Miss Kate T. Clarke, wore a dress of old rose with nile green trimmings, hat trimmed with Irish point lace, old rose and nile green. Each carried a bouquet of loose roses. The bride has long been a faithful worker in Cooke's church and was the recipient of many tokens of appreciation. A pleasant feature of the ceremony was the presentation to Mrs. Talling of a large family Bible, as this was the first wedding in the new church. It was presented by the Rev. Mr. Patterson and bears a suitable inscription. The young couple have gone east and will spend their honeymoon in St. John and Halifax.

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Many of the ministers and prominent elders of the Presbyterian church left during the week for Montreal, where the General Assembly is being held. Amongst others are: the Rev. Drs. Caven, Reid, Gregg and MacLaren, the Revs. Macdonnell and Milligan, the Hon. Justice Maclennan and Messrs. Hamilton Cassels and W. B. McMurrich.

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Many of the summer sojourners at the Island have already crossed the bay. Mr. and Mrs. Philip Dykes of the Merchants' Bank, Mr. Frank Hilton and family have gone to the Center Island, and Messrs. Colin Gordon and A. D. Crooks are at Mead's.

•

Mrs. G. M. Wrong and family, accompanied by Mr. Wyly Grier, left on Wednesday afternoon for *Maison Rouge*, Murray Bay, the summer residence of the Hon. Edward Blake.

•

Mrs. G. T. Blackstock's many friends will be glad to hear that within the last few weeks her health has much improved. The bright June days have made it possible for her to go out driving.

•

There was a merry throng at the Victoria Club on Friday night of last week. Although not so large a gathering as the ball of the week before, the gaiety and enjoyment seemed to be quite as great. The Queen's Own Band played splendidly for an hour or so, after which about ten o'clock dancing began in earnest. The universal opinion was that the Queen's Own Band are a success at dance music. The dancing was kept up with vim till a late hour. Amongst those present were: Major and Mrs. Cosby, Col. and Mrs. Davidson, Col., Mrs. and the Misses Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Osborne of Brantford, Major and Mrs. Sankey, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Cameron, Dr. and Mrs. Spragge, Mr. and Mrs. John Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mr. W. H. and Miss Bunting, the Misses Kingsmill, the Misses Grace and Amy Boulton, the Misses Saymour, Hon. L. M. and Mrs. Jones, Mrs. F. C. Moffatt, the Misses Lockhart, Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, Miss Begg of Scotland, Miss McKay, the Misses Rutherd Boulton, Mrs. R. Thomson, Mr. Julian and Mrs. Myles, Col. and Mrs. Pemberton, Messrs. Pemberton, Mr. John Morrow, Lieut. Laurie, E. H. Bickford, Mr. C. N. and the Misses Shanly, Miss Seagram of Waterloo, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, the Misses Homer Dixon, Mr. W. D. and Mrs. Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. Reg. Lockhart, Messrs. Victor Armstrong, S. O. Jones, H. G. McMillian, the Misses Arthurs, Mrs. F. and the Misses Osler, Col. and the Misses Mossambert, Dr. Spilsbury, Mr. and the Misses Henry Duggan, Mr. H. A. Drummond, Mr. and Mrs. John King, Mrs. R. Gamble, Mr. Stuart Morrison, Messrs. Cronyn.

•

Miss Helen Merritt of St. Catharines is visiting friends in Toronto.

•

Dr. and Mrs. Ruttan of Napanee are the guests of Prof. Hirschfelder of Rosedale.

•

Mr. Frank H. Mason has been spending two weeks with his brother, Dr. R. Harrison Mason of Scarboro'.

•

On Tuesday evening, June 7, the village of Eglinton was all astir in consequence of another festive occasion at Hillside, the residence of Mr. A. H. Badgerow. His beautiful and accomplished daughter, Evelyn, was united in the joyous bonds of wedlock with Mr. Fred Mulholland. Everything was delightfully gay, many Chinese lanterns lent an air of Oriental grandeur to the scene while a profusion of sweet lilacs and beautiful ferns added to the freshness of the surroundings. Rev. William Patterson of Cooke's church was the officiating minister. The bride wore a beautiful white satin gown with the usual veil and suggestive orange blossoms. A bouquet of white roses harmonized with the single ornament she wore—a fine diamond pin—the gift of the bridegroom. Her maids were Miss Lillian Mulholland and Miss Hattie Latter, who contrasted well in dresses of modest pink. The groomsmen were Mr. George Badgerow and Master Badgerow. The happy pair left after the ceremony for a tour of the principal cities in the United States. Among the guests were: Mrs. G. W. Badgerow, Mr. and Mrs. James C. McGee, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Hoskin, Mr. and Mrs. Marks, Dr. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Higgins, Mr. and Mrs. Latter, Dr. Thistle, Mr. Duncan Coulson, the Misses Roger, Miss Ord, Mr. and Mrs. Sharpe, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Elwell, Mr. W. J. Darby, Mr. J. Sinclair, Mr. and Miss Bull of Brampton, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Burnside, Mr. and Mrs. Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. A R. McKinlay, Miss Dunbar, Mr. R. J. Gibson, Mr. and the Misses Jackes, Mr. and Mrs. Peck, Miss Harrison of Uxbridge, Mr. Stewart Marvin, Miss Sweetapple, Mr. and Mrs. Richie, Mrs. and Miss Francis, Mrs. Henry, Mr. Walter Donaldson, Mrs. Wm. Mulholland, Mr. A. A. Mulholland and Mr. D. Mulholland.

•

On Monday evening last Mrs. George J. Mason of Harr Hall, Wellington street, gave a charming little *musicale*. The Misses Mason assisted in receiving and entertaining the guests. Those who contributed greatly to the pleasure of all by their delightful musical selections were: Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. G. J. MacIntyre, Miss Laura Wise of Ottawa, Miss Stevenson of Guelph and Mr. T. Dockray. Others present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Mowat, Mr. E. and Miss Mortimer, Miss Patterson, Mr. W. Lincoln Hunter, Miss L. Ellerby, Mr. Beakham, Mr. Francis Evans, Miss Michie, Miss Effie Michie, Mr. C. Evans, Mr. V. Hucheson and Mr. C. Michie.

•

Miss Douglas has returned from Hamilton after a pleasant little visit.

•

Mrs. J. A. Graham has arrived from Winnipeg and is staying with her mother, Mrs. McDermid of Rosedale.

•

The Tourists' Club was At Home to a number of friends on Friday evening, June 3, at the house of the president, 10 Walmer road. The At Home, which took the form of a topic party, was thoroughly enjoyed by those present.

•

Ex-Ald. James L. Morrison of 75 Winchester street and his daughters, Miss and Miss Lizzie Morrison, left the city on Monday last for an extended tour of the Eastern States, returning by way of Montreal and Ottawa. They will be away for a month or more.

•

Mrs. and Miss Patriarche of 249 College street have not left town, but will spend the summer months between their town residence and their summer cottage at St. Andrews-on-the-Lake.

•

The French Club held their final reunion Thursday evening, June 2, at Mrs. Tackaberry's residence, 575 Jarvis street. A delightful evening was spent and music and dancing indulged in. Among those present were: Mesdames Proctor, Macdonald, Chopites, Aikens, Graham, Fox, Tackaberry, Denison, Miles, Graham, Ellis, Hamilton, Brown, Howson, Aikens, Catto, Chopites, Wilkes, and Messrs. Bourlier, Catto, Rowan, Frieldewald, Fox, Tackaberry, Thompson, Drs. Graham, Aikens and several others.

•

A very quiet but pretty wedding took place at an early hour on Wednesday of last week at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, when Mr. Geo Berthon of the Confederation Life was united in matrimony to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Mr. T. McCarthy, H. M. C. The bride looked lovely in a traveling dress of fawn and blue. She was attended by her sister, Miss Isabel McCarthy, who looked charming in white and blue. Mr. Charles Dant acted as best man. Mr. and Mrs. Berthon left immediately after the ceremony on a short tour through the States. Only the immediate relatives were present on account of recent bereavements in both families.

•

Miss Kennedy of Beverley street gave a most enjoyable afternoon tea on Tuesday, May 31. The prevailing tone of the decorations was pink. Miss Kennedy was assisted by Mrs. Harton Walker, Mrs. Young, Miss Barns and Miss Clara McClung. Among those present were: Mrs. Greig, Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Emory, the Misses Wilkes, Miss Orr and Mrs. McArthur of Berlin.

•

A large smoking party was given on Thursday evening, June 2, by Dr. Ryerson at his residence, College street, to the officers and members of the Association of Medical Officers of the Militia. All the officers of the Toronto garrison were invited to meet them. Among those present were: Lieut.-Colonel Dawson, A.D.C., and Major Mason, R.G.; Lieut.-Colonel Hamilton and Major Delamere, Q.O.R.; Lieut.-Colonel Davidson and Majors Henderson and Macdonald, 48th Highlanders; Major Buchan, Captain Macdougal, and attached officers I. S. C., Capt. Casimir Dickson, Lieut. Peters and Dr. Grassett, G. G. B. G., Lieut. Robt. Myles, T. F. B., Drs. Saunders of Kingston, Oliver and Warren of Niagara, McCrimmon of Palermo, Dr. Strange, president of the association, and about eighty others. Songs were contributed by Major Buchan, Lieut. Donald, Lieut. Chadwick, Capt. Mutton, Messrs. Warrington, Ramsay and others; Mr. Jarvis recited and Mr. Simpson gave a ventriloquistical entertainment which excited much merriment.

•

Last Friday the large, old-fashioned residence on the corner of Jarvis and Wellesley streets welcomed back Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor and their family, who have been traveling in Europe and England for the past ten or eleven months. Few Canadian families have had more extended opportunities for seeing the beautiful parts of the world than it has been the pleasure of Mr. John Taylor to afford his sons and daughters. With headquarters in Wiesbaden, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, France and England have been visited and as this is by no means the first voyage they have made they can be certainly classed as veteran travelers. Miss Taylor, Miss Lella and Miss Ethel have returned with faces browned by their final outing amongst their friends and at the watering-places of England, but in remarkably good health. Mrs. Taylor has added largely to her portfolio of sketches and the boys are full of their experience in German schools. The ex-alderman himself, relieved of the care of business, which has been well managed in his absence by his son Maurice, is not unwilling to say that he also has had a very good time.

•

Mrs. Goldwin Smith gave the first of her Afternoons this season last Thursday. It was a repetition of the delightful afternoons of last year. The beautiful Grange grounds are at their best in June weather.

•

Miss McInnes of Hamilton is staying with Mrs. Stephen Heward.

•

Mrs. Chadwick of Howland avenue gave last night a most enjoyable theatrical evening. Mrs. Chadwick's play, Scandal, said to be exceedingly clever, was performed. The evening was brought to a close with dancing.

•

Miss Fanny Richardson of Jarvis street left the city on Tuesday for a visit to Detroit.

•

Mrs. Cosgrain of Windsor has been staying in Toronto, the guest of Miss Castles. This is the first time she has visited the city since her marriage. Those who saw her during her brief visit think her as charming as ever.

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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JUNE WEDDINGS

Have you a friend who is going to be married, and are you in a quandary as to what will make a suitable wedding gift? Send us your name and address and we will mail you our book called, "Suggestions for Presents"—it will help you out. Or what is better, take a walk through our Show and Art Rooms, where the goods are all marked in plain figures.

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100 Recipes for Cooking and Serving Fish
By A. FILIPPINI. In cloth binding (uniform with "100 Eggs.") 50 cents.
JAMES BAIN & SON, Fine Stationery, Toronto

Summer Wear.

DRESSING-GOWNS are so pretty this season that one can scarcely distinguish them from tea-gowns. A new model—a counterpart of a gown made for the Princess of Wales—is of pink woollen stuff with white lace trimmings about the neck, a white hood frilled with lace, and a girdle of silk cord. Breakfast jackets are being made of flowered delaine and flowered nainsook, trimmed with ribbons the exact shade of the pattern and Valenciennes lace.

•

A lovely summer cloak to wear over a silk dress at a race meeting is made entirely of black lace, with large bishop sleeves and a ruffle of lace at the neck. It falls in loose and graceful folds back and front, and having no lining shows the shade of the dress beneath. You can imagine how a blonde beauty would look in such a garment. Another lovely lace cloak has a jet zouave and trailing ends of jet passementerie arranged at the back in the same way as the ribbons that are now so fashionable. The sleeves are enormous and made of black brocade. Both cloaks reach to the feet.

•

There is much to be said in favor of the grace and elegance of the umbrella skirt, but I assure you it is not to be compared to the parasol skirt, which I hope will be fashionable before long, and which shall reach only to the knees. Seriously, it would be a benefit to womankind if a short skirt could be introduced before the summer holidays.

•

Heliotrope and pale blue is becoming a fashionable combination in evening dresses, and though it sounds odd it is really very pretty. The novelty in the make of evening dresses just now is chiefly in the sleeves, which show wonderful variety in shape and trimming. Elbow sleeves are often finished off with deep accordion-pleated frills of *chiffon*. A pretty ball gown is pale blue satin with a light garniture of primroses on the bodice. Yellow and pale blue is always pretty.

•

The prettiest French petticoat I have seen this season had little baskets of flowers thrown on a black silk ground, and was trimmed with a deep plaited out flounce of pale green silk, another of pale pink a trifle shorter, and yet another of black lace. This last was run with three rows of bebe ribbon in three delicate shades to match the pattern of the silk, and ornamented here and there with bunches of ribbon loops. Among the newest petticoats are some made of rainbow-striped silk, trimmed with lace flounces and silk ruches. The shadow silks are also fashionable for petticoats, but the stiff, rustling silks are more popular than anything.

•

Some pretty black parasols I saw in a window had a *ruche* of lace round the edge with tiny white bows of ribbon at short distances. Others equally pretty had hand-painted borders of flowers and birds. The new handles are mostly of clematis wood and are dyed all sorts of shades. The parasol is elaborate, but not so elaborate as they make them. It is of silk appliqued with lace, with a flounce of *chiffon* and puffings of the same material up each seam. A stylish *entoutcas* is of black moire striped with white. Glace silks with changeable effects are very popular for smart parasols. They are usually trimmed with two deep flounces of shot *chiffon*.

•

In connection with that stately and entirely admirable social function, the formal dining, there has not of late been added so seasonable and delightful an *entre* course as music. Happily, the craze for trifling and unimportant favors, *menus*, and extravagances of decoration in painfully original designs, has apparently passed away, and to the dinner-party has been lent of late an entirely gratifying dignity, grace and importance. Perfect service, delicate food, flowers not too abundant and with sufficient greenery, rich, simple damask, splendid plate, glass and china, a gracious host and hostess, witty and grateful guests and gentle music—these are the elements of the perfect modern dinner. As the music must be gentle, that it may chime with the ring of conversation yet never interfere, and thereby soothe and not irritate, it is preferably produced by stringed instruments hidden a little distance from the open dining-room door behind a bower of palms. Zithers, with guitars, or zithers, mandolins and guitars are greatly in demand for dinner music. A subdued but gay chorus of banjos charmed many circles of dining guests, but a solo harpist lately found in this capacity great honors for his own abilities and his instrument's capacities. Enconced just behind the dining-room door, he charmed the hostess and her friends by a discoursing of old melodies, minuets, gavottes of Marie Antoinette's day, strange minstrel airs and harmonies of Irish origin. In addition to the instrumental music for the gratification of guests during the meal, it is now the custom of most generous entertainers to provide music for the after hour in the drawing-room. A vocalist is preferred for this duty, and, unless the artist who provides this costly method of entertainment is included among the table guests, he or she appears in the drawing-room immediately the women have left the table. Economical hostesses not infrequently practice a bit of thrifty diplomacy by asking a dozen or more guests in for the post-prandial entertainment, thus getting credit for a *musicale*.

LA MODE.

How a Bet Was Won.

PASSENGERS riding down town in a belt line street car the other morning saw one end of a large-sized practical joke. Two men who are in business on Front street entered the car and were eyed by all save one man who merely turned half round and then stared stolidly into vacancy. The tall new-comer spoke hurriedly to the short one and reminded him of a bet made a few days previously, that he (the tall man) could produce a more absent-minded man than was Mr. Blank.

"Well, what of it?"

"There's my man. He's the most preoccupied fellow I ever knew. Wait until we get down a piece farther and then I'll step up, pick off his hat and we'll get out and walk down Queen, leaving him bare-headed. Will that win my bet if he doesn't miss his hat?"

"Get out! You wouldn't try that. He doesn't look like a man to take liberties with. Still, I won't be bluffed—go ahead, but mind, if he catches you at it I win the bet."

"All right."

The person of whom they spoke sat staring at nothing as fixedly as a dead herring. He was painfully, awfully preoccupied. When near the corner of Spadina and Queen the two men arose, the tall one stepped forward and picked off the stranger's hat, and with it in his hand jumped off the car followed by his friend. As they turned around on the sidewalk they saw the bare-headed man without shifting his gaze, dreamily scratch his head as though half-conscious of some unusual proceeding up there, a fly tickling him, or something of that sort. But his hand seemed to find it a false alarm and dropped down out of range of the dead-herring stare.

The bet was lost and won, but before the car reached King street the preoccupied man began to smile and next to chuckle and finally to laugh. Then he reached under the seat without any preoccupation of manner, drew a hat out of a paper bag, rolled the bag into a ball and hit a boy with it through the open window.

"Never made five dollars easier in my life—and the hat will be home before I will," he said as he jumped off and went whistling down a side street.

It is too bad to spoil a joke, but if this meets the eye of that short man who is in business on Front street he will know that he was made the victim of a put-up job.

ZEKE.

A Coming Man.

"To what high pitch has education, etc. (speech)."

"YES," observed Mr. Struckile, as he leaned gracefully against a colonnade in the Rossin House with his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, a cigar between his teeth and his white beaver tilted far back on his head. "Yes, sir. Don't talk t' me 'bout yer scarecrow aristocracy. No street! I can buy out any half-dozen o' them. (Struckile has a Government contract for deepening mill streams). They put on confounded airs and think themselves above men what has riz theirselves by their own united efforts. When I see a man what's dressed swell-like, wears his Sunday clothes every day, carries around a white overcoat and cuffs on his feet, I says to myself, 'Struckile, m' boy, don't be invidious o' them fellows. You've did well. Jest wait a few years an' y'll be able to knock their blamed society higher 'n a kite. They may scorn y' now, but scornin' don't hurt nobody.' What's yer society, anyway? Why, I could give away money t' the most o' them an' never miss it. Hold on now! Don't get excited. I ain't goin' to give you fellows any. I was only usin' that fer a figger o' speech. Jest wait till I get my pallis built an' y'll see them doodes from the governmentorial crowd comin' suckin' round fer an invite. Wonder am I building my pallis? Never you mind, my boys. A hundred thousand dollars fills the little bill an' don't y' forget it.

"Yes, siree, I'm goin' t' have the slickest little villya in this metropolis. Got one o' them landescape gardners t' do up the flowers an' things. He says he's goin' t' plant a whole revenue o' trees up till the front door. Then y' see the cabin itself is to be hoisted in Queen Somebody or other's style with a piazzro right 'round it and an obscurity on the top as'll lick anythin' in the country, you bet. Struckile Lodge! Sounds nice, don't it? Say, boys, let's go and wet it."

HENRI B. SULLY.

She Believed Him.

Frederick—What's the mattah, Cholly? You look bothered.

Cholly—I am, me boy—twoubled.

"Ovah what?"

"Why, don't you know? I have just been chatting to Miss DeTrop for an hour or so, feeling doyvlish blue, don't you know. Just awftah a little silence, you know, I said: 'Don't you know me thoughts are very painful, Miss DeTrop?' She looked up and said: 'I have always found them so.' And now, by Jove, what did she mean by that, now?"

Mixed Dates.

Posy (reaching for his side pocket)—Let me read you my new poem on Love.

Prosy—Don't you remember you read it to me last week?

Posy (turning off with a sigh)—I only wrote it last night.

No Place for Ideas.

Reporter—I have an idea for a poem.

Managing Editor—Well, put it in spirits and preserve it. An idea in a poem of the present epoch would queer the thing out of sight.

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Ladies' Fancy Frilled Parasols all colors, 1, 2 or 3 frills, $2, $2.75, $3.50.
Ladies' Fancy Frilled Parasols, $2.75, $3, $3.50.
Ladies' Black Parasols, satin, $1, $1.50, $1.50.
Ladies' Black Parasols, satin, $2, $2.25, $2.50.
Ladies' Black Parasols, 75c., $85c., $1, $1.25.
Ladies' Plain Black Silk and Wool Umbrellas, $1.25, $1.50, $2, $2.50, $3.
Ladies' Long Handle Parasols, $1, $1.50, $1.75, $2.

A feature of parasols this season is the handles, which are very attractive. Some natural wood, prettily carved, silver tops, celluloid, etc.

Fine Swiss Muslins that reach us through no circumlocution methods, but direct from Switzerland.

Swiss Check Muslins, 7c.
Nainsook, 36 in., 12½c.
Victoria, special line, 41 in., 12½c.
Indian Linen Lawn, 10c., 12½c., 15c., 17½c.
French Linen Lawn, 36 in., 75c.
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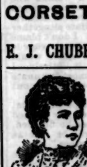

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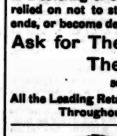

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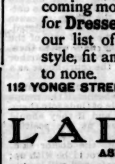

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Author of "The Curse of Carne's Hold," "A Hidden Foe," &c.

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CHAPTER XI.

That evening after dining alone, the doctor went in to Bathurst. The latter had already heard the news, and they talked it over for some time. Then the doctor said, "Have you seen Forster, Bathurst, since he arrived?"

"No, I was in my tent all the while; I was at school with him. I heard when I was in England that he was out here in the native cavalry, but I have never run across him before, and I own I had no wish to do so. He was about two years older than I was, and was considered the cock of the school. He was one of my chief tormentors. I don't know that he was a bully generally, fellows who are really plucky seldom are, but he disliked me heartily, and I hated him.

"I had the habit of telling the truth when questioned, and he narrowly escaped expulsion being to my refusing to tell a lie about his being quietly in bed when in fact he and two or three other fellows had been out at a public house. He never forgave me for it, for he himself would have told a lie without hesitation to screen himself, or, to do him justice, to screen anyone else; and the mere fact that I myself had been involved in the matter, having been sent out by one of the bigger fellows, and, therefore, having got myself a flogging by my admission, was no palliation in the eyes of the offence of what he called sneaking.

"So you may imagine I have no particular desire to meet him again. Unless he has greatly changed, he would do me a bad turn if he had the chance.

"I don't think he has greatly changed," the doctor said. "That was really what I came in here for this evening, rather than to talk about this Sepoy business. I am sorry to say, Bathurst, that when he was in the mess this evening, to-day, your name happened to be mentioned, and he said at once: 'Is that the Bathurst who may say showed the white feather in the Cilliawalla and left the army in consequence?'"

Bathurst's face grew pale and his fingers closed. He remained for a minute or two silent and then said, "It does not matter; she would have been sure to hear it sooner or later, and I should have told her myself if he had not done so; besides, if, as I am afraid, this Delhi business is the beginning of trouble, and of such trouble as we have never had since we set foot in India, it is likely that she will soon know what she knows now. Has she spoken to you about it? I suppose she has, or you would not have known that he mentioned it."

"Yes, she was most indignant about it, and did not believe it."

"And what did you say, doctor?" he asked indifferently.

"Well, was sorry I could not tell her exactly what you told me. It would have been better if I could have done so. I simply said there were many sorts of courage, and that I was sure that you possessed many sorts in a very high degree, but I could not, of course, say, although I did not admit the truth of the report he had mentioned."

"I don't think it makes much difference one way or the other," Bathurst said wearily. "I have known all along that Isobel Hannay would not marry a coward, only I have gone on living in a fool's paradise, and, of course, it is over now, the sooner it is all over the better."

"My dear fellow," the doctor said earnestly, "don't take this thing quite so hard. I don't wish to try and persuade you that it is not a grave misfortune, but even suppose this trouble takes the very worst form possible, I do not think you will come to grief, or get out of it as you anticipate. Even assuming that you are unable to do your part in absolute fighting, there may be other occasions when most likely will, in which you may be able to show that although unable to control your nerves in the din of battle, you possess in other respects courage and coolness. That feat of yours of attacking the tiger with the dog-whip shows conclusively that under many circumstances you are capable of most daring deeds."

Bathurst sat looking down for some minutes. "Good mother that it may be, I will grant; but it is no use talking about it any more, doctor. I suppose Major Hannay will keep a sharp look-out over his mess."

"Yes, there was a meeting of the officers this afternoon. It was agreed to make no outward change, and to give the troops no cause whatever to believe that they are suspected. They all feel confident of the good will of the men; at the same time they will watch them closely, and if the news gives rise to further trouble, they will prepare the court-house as a place of refuge."

"That is a very good plan; but, of course, everything depends upon whether, if the troops do rise in mutiny, the people of Oude join them. They are a fighting race, and if they should throw in their lot against us the position would be a desperate one."

"Well, there is no doubt," the doctor said, "that the Rajah of Bithoor is a bad one, but that will make Cawnpore safe, and will largely influence all the great Zemindars, though there is no doubt that a good number of them have been sulky ever since the disarmament order was issued. I believe there are few of them who have not got cannon hidden away or buried, and as for the matter of the number of arms given up was as nothing to what we know they possessed. In other parts of India I believe the bulk of the people are with us; but here in Oude, our last annexation, I fear that they will side against us, unless all the great landowners range themselves on our side."

"As far as I can see," Bathurst said, "the people are contented with the change. I don't say what I may call the professional fighting class, the crowd of retainers kept by the great landowners, who were constantly fighting against each other. Annexation has put a stop to all that, and the towns are crowded with these fighting men, who hate us bitterly; but the peasants, the tillers of the soil, have benefited greatly. They are no longer exposed to raids by their powerful neighbors, and can cultivate their fields in comparative quiet. Unfortunately their friendship, such as it is, will not weigh in the slightest degree in the event of a struggle. At any rate, I am sure they are not behind the scenes, and know nothing more ever of any coming trouble. Going, as I do, among them, and talking to them as one of themselves, I should have noticed if there had been any change in them; and of late naturally I have paid special notice to their manner. Well, if it is to come, I hope it will come soon, for anything is better than suspense."

Two days later Major Hannay read out to the men on parade an official known document, assuring them that there was no truth whatever in the statements that had been made that the cartridges served out to them had been greased with pig's fat. They were precisely the same as those that they had used for years, and the men were warned against listening to seditious persons who might try to poison their minds and shake their loyalty to the Government. He then told them that he was sorry to say that at one or two stations the mess had been foolish enough to listen to disloyal counsels, and that in consequence the regiments had been disbanded and the men had forfeited all the advantages in the way of pay and pension they had earned by many years of good conduct. He said that he had no fear whatever of any such trouble arising with them, as they knew that they had been well treated, that any legitimate complaint they might make had always been attended to, and that their officers had their welfare thoroughly at heart.

When he had finished the senior native officer stepped forward and in the name of the detachment assured the major that the men were perfectly contented and would in all cases follow their officers, even if they ordered them to march against their countrymen. At the conclusion of his speech, he called upon the troops to give three cheers for the major and officers, and this was responded to with a show of great enthusiasm.

This demonstration was deemed very satisfactory and the uneasiness among the residents abated. The majority of the major and his officers felt convinced that whatever happened at other stations, there would at least be no trouble with their regiment.

"Well, even you are satisfied, doctor, I suppose," the major said, as a party of them who had been dining with Dr. Wade were smoking in the veranda.

"I was hopeful before, major, and I am hopeful now, but I can't say that to-day's parade has influenced me in the slightest. Whatever virtues the Hindoo may have, he has certainly that of knowing how to wait. I believe from what took place in Delhi he has the secret that I myself had been involved in the matter, having been sent out by one of the bigger fellows, and, therefore, having got myself a flogging by my admission, was no palliation in the eyes of the offence of what he called sneaking.

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The weather had set in very hot, and there was no stirring out now for the ladies between eleven o'clock and five or six in the afternoon. Isobel, however, generally went in for a chat the first thing after early breakfast, with Mrs. Doolan, whose children were fractious with prickly heat.

"I only wish we had some big, high mountain, my dear, somewhere within reach, where we could establish the children through the summer and run away ourselves occasionally to look after them. We are very badly off here in Oude for that. You are looking very pale yourself the last few days."

"I suppose I feel it a little," Isobel said, "and of course this anxiety everyone has been feeling, worries one. Everyone seems to agree that there is no fear of trouble with the Sepoys here; still, as nothing else is talked about, one cannot help feeling nervous about it. However, as things seem settling down now, I hope we shall soon get something else to talk about."

"I have not seen Mr. Bathurst lately," Mrs. Doolan said presently.

"Nor have we," Isobel said quietly; "it is quite ten days since we saw him last."

"I suppose he is falling back into his hermit ways," Mrs. Doolan said carelessly, shooting a keen glance at Isobel, who was leaning over one of the children.

"It quite emerged from his shell for a bit. Mrs. Hunter was saying she never saw such a change in a man, but I suppose he has got tired of Captain Forster spending his time to fill up the gap. How do you like him, Isobel?"

"He is amusing," the girl said quietly; "I have never seen any one quite like him before. He talks in an easy, pleasant sort of way, and tells most amusing stories. Then, when he chooses, he can be most agreeable, dropping his voice and talking in a confidential sort of way, even when it is only about the weather. I should have asked, my dear, how can of it is real, and what there is under the surface."

Mrs. Doolan nodded approval.

"I don't think there is much under the surface, dear, and what there is is just as well left alone; but there is no doubt he can be delightful when he chooses, and very few women would not feel flattered by the attention of a man who is said to be the handsomest officer in the Indian army, and who has besides distinguished himself several times as a dashing officer."

"I don't think handsomeness goes for much in a man," Isobel said shortly.

Mrs. Doolan laughed.

"Why should it not go for as much as prettiness in a woman? It is no use being cynical, Isobel; it is part of our nature to like pretty things, and as far as I can see an exceptionally handsome man is as legitimate an object of admiration as a lovely woman."

"Yes, to admire, Mrs. Doolan, but not to like."

"Well, my dear, I don't want to be hurrying you away, but I think you had better eat back before the sun gets any higher. You may say you don't feel the heat much, but you are looking rather fagged, and the less you are out in the sun the better."

Isobel had indeed been having a hard time during those ten days. At first she had thought of little but what she should do when Bathurst called. It seemed impossible that she could be exactly the same with him that she had been, that was quite out of the question; and yet how was she to be different?

Ten days had passed without his coming. This was so unusual that an idea came into her mind which terrified her, and the first time when the doctor came in and found her alone she said: "Of course, Dr. Wade, you have not mentioned to Mr. Bathurst the conversation we had, but it is curious his not having been here since."

"Certainly I mentioned it," the doctor said calmly; "how could I do otherwise? It was evident to me that he would not be welcomed as he was before, and I felt it would be otherwise than warn him of the change he might expect to find, and to give him the reason for it."

Isobel stood the picture of dismay. "I don't think you had any right to do so, doctor," she said. "You have placed me in a most painful position."

"In not so painful a position as it would have been, my dear, if he had noticed the change himself, as he must have done, and asked for the cause of it."

Isobel stood twisting her fingers over each other before her nervously.

"But what am I to do?" she asked.

"I do not see that there is anything more for you to do," the doctor said. "Mr. Bathurst may not be perfect in all respects, but he is certainly too much of a gentleman to force his visits where they are not wanted. I do not say he will not come here at all, for one to do so after being here so much would create comment and talk in the station, which would be as painful to you as to him, but he certainly will not come here more often than is necessary to keep up appearances."

"I don't think you ought to have told him," Isobel replied, much distressed.

"I could not help it, my dear. You would force me to admit there was some truth in the story Captain Forster told you, and I was therefore obliged to acquaint him with the fact or he would have had just cause to reproach me. Besides, you spoke of despising a man who was not physically brave."

"You never told him that, doctor, surely you never told him that!"

"I only told what it was necessary he should know, my dear, namely, that you had heard the story, that you had questioned me, and that I, knowing the facts from his lips, admitted that there was some foundation for the story, while asserting that I was convinced that he was morally a brave man. I did not ask how you took the news, nor did I volunteer any information whatever on the subject, but he understood, I think, perfectly, the light in which you would view the matter."

"But what am I to do when we meet, doctor?" she asked piteously.

"I should say that you will meet just as ordinary acquaintances do meet, Miss Hannay. People are civil to others they are thrown with, however much they may dislike them at heart. You may be sure that Mr. Bathurst will make no allusion whatever to the matter. I think I can answer for it that you will see no shade of difference in his manner. This has always been a heavy burden for him, as even the most careless observer may see in his manner. I do not say that this is not a large addition to it, but I dare say he will pull through; and now I must be off."

"You are very unkind, doctor, and I never knew you to be unkind before."

"Unkind!" the doctor repeated, with an air of surprise. "In what way? I love this young fellow; I had cherished hopes for him that he hardly perhaps ventured to cherish for himself. I quite agree with you that what has passed has annihilated those hopes. You believe a man who is a coward. I am not surprised at that. Bathurst is the last man in the world who would force himself upon a woman who despised him. I have done my best to save you from being obliged to make a personal declaration of your sentiments. I repudiate altogether the accusation of being unkind. I don't blame you in the slightest. I think that your view is the one that a young woman of spirit would naturally take. I accept it entirely. I will go further, I consider it a most fortunate occurrence for you both that you found it out in time."

Isobel's cheeks had flushed and paled several times while he was speaking, then she pressed her lips tightly together and, as he finished, she said, "I think, doctor, it will be best for us well not to discuss the matter further."

"I am quite of your opinion," he said. "We will agree not to allude to it again. Good-bye."

And then Isobel had retired to her room and cried passionately, while the doctor had gone off chuckling to himself as if he were perfectly satisfied with the state of affairs.

During the week that has since elapsed, the major had wandered and grumbled several times at Bathurst's absence.

"I expect," he said one day when a note of refusal had come from him, "that he doesn't care about meeting Forster. You remember Forster said they had been at school together, and from the tone in which he spoke it is evident that they disliked one other. No doubt he has heard from the doctor that Forster is frequently in here, and the major spoke rather irritably, but Isobel and Mrs. Hunter had showed more pleasure in the captain's society than she should have done after what he had said to her about him; indeed, Isobel, especially when the doctor was present, appeared by no means to object to Captain Forster's attentions.

Upon the evening, however, of the day when Isobel had spoken to Mrs. Doolan, Bathurst came in, rather late in the evening.

"How are you, Bathurst?" the major said cordially. "Why, you have become quite a stranger. We haven't seen you for over a fortnight. Do you know Captain Forster?"

"We were at school together formerly, I believe," Bathurst said quietly. "We have not met since and I fancy we are both changed beyond recognition."

Captain Forster looked with surprise at the strong, well-knit figure. He had not before seen Bathurst and had pictured him to himself as a weak, puny man.

"I certainly should not have known Mr. Bathurst," he said. "I have changed a great deal, no doubt, but he has certainly changed more."

There was no attempt on the part of either to shake hands. As they moved apart, Isobel came into the room.

A quick flash of color spread over her face when upon entering she saw Bathurst talking to her uncle. Then she advanced, shook hands with him as usual, and said: "It is quite a time since you were here, Mr. Bathurst. If everyone was as full of business as you are, we should get on badly."

Then she moved on without waiting for a reply and sat down, and was soon engaged in a lively conversation with Captain Forster, while Bathurst a few minutes later, pleading that as he had been in the saddle all day he must go and make up the lost time, took his leave.

Captain Forster had noticed the flush on Isobel's cheeks when she saw Bathurst, and had drawn his own conclusions.

"There has been a flirtation between them," he said to himself, "I fancy I have put a spoke in his wheel. She gave him the cold shoulder, unmistakably."

April passed, and as matters seemed to be quieting down, there being no fresh trouble at any of the stations, the major told Dr. Wade that he really saw no reason why the projected tiger hunt should not take place. The doctor at once took the matter in hand, and drove out the next morning to the village from which he had received news that the tiger, had a long talk with the shikaris of the place, took a general view of the country, settled the line in which the beaters should take, and arranged for a large body of beaters to be on the spot at the time agreed on.

Bathurst undertook to obtain the elephants, from two Zemindars in the neighborhood who promised to furnish six, all of which were more or less accustomed to the sport; while the major and Mr. Hunter, who had been a keen sportsman, although he had of late given up the pursuit of large game, arranged for a number of bullock-carts for the transport of tents and stores.

Bathurst himself declined to be one of the party, which was to consist of Mr. Hunter and his eldest daughter, the major and Isobel, the doctor, the two subalterns, and Captain Forster. Captain Doolan said frankly that he was no sot, and more likely to hit one of the party than the tiger. Captain Rintoul at first accepted, but his wife shed such floods of tears at the idea of his being her sole going there, and begged that for the sake of peace he agreed to remain at home.

Wilson and Richards were greatly excited over the proposed tiger hunt, talked of nothing else; they were burning to wipe out the disgrace of having missed on the previous occasion. Each of them interviewed the doctor privately, and implored him to put them in a position where they were likely to have the first shot. Both used the same arguments, namely, that the doctor had killed so many tigers that one more or less could make no difference to him, and if they missed, which they modestly admitted was possible, he could still bring the animal down.

As the doctor was always in a good temper when there was a prospect of sport, he promised each of them to do all that he could for them, at the same time pointing out that it was almost like a lottery which way the tiger might break out.

Isobel was less excited than she would have thought possible over the prospect of taking part in a tiger hunt. She had many misgivings to hold with Mrs. Hunter, the doctor and Runman, as to the food to be taken, and the things that would be absolutely necessary for camping out; for, as it was possible that the first day's beat would be unsuccessful, they were to be prepared for at least two days' absence from home. Two tents were to be taken, one for the gentlemen, the other for Isobel and Mary Hunter. These, with bedding and camp furniture, cooking utensils and provisions were to be sent off at daybreak, while the party were to start as soon as the heat of the day was over.

"I wish Bathurst had been coming," Major Hannay said, as with Isobel by his side he rode ahead of the party. "He seems to have slipped away from us altogether, he has only been in once for the last three or four weeks. You haven't had a tiff with him about anything, have you, Isobel? It seems strange his ceasing so suddenly to come after our seeing so much of him."

"No, uncle, I have not seen him except when you have. What put such an idea into your mind?"

"I don't know, my dear, young people do have tiffs sometimes about all sorts of trifles, though I should not have thought that Bathurst was the sort of man to do anything of that sort. I don't think that he likes Forster, and does not care to meet him. I fancy that is at the bottom of it."

"Very likely," Isobel said innocently, and changed the subject.

It was dark when they reached the appointed spot, and indeed from the point where they left the road a native with a torch had run ahead to show them the way. The tents looked bright; two or three large fires were burning round them, and the lamps had already been lighted within.

"These tents do look cosy," Mary Hunter said, as she and Isobel entered the one prepared for them. "I do wish one always lived under canvas during the hot weather."

"They look cool," Isobel said, "but I don't suppose they are really as cool as the bungalows; but they do make them comfortable. Here is the bathroom ready, and I am sure we want it after that dusty drive. Will you have one first, or shall I? We must make haste, for Runman said dinner would be ready in half an hour. Fortunately we don't be expected to do much in the way of dressing."

The dinner was a cheerful meal, and everyone was in high spirits.

The tiger had killed a cow the day before,

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Preserves and Rejuvenates the Complexion.

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but generally recognized in England and in all countries of the world to be worth a guinea a box, for the reason that they WILL CURE a great variety of complaints, and that they have acted to many sufferers more than ten times their cost, in doctors' bills.

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and the villagers were certain he had retired to a deep nullah, round which a careful watch had been kept all day. Probably he would steal out by night to make a meal from the carcass of the cow, but it had been arranged that he was to do this undisturbed and that the hunt was to take place by daylight.

"It is wonderful how the servants manage everything," Isobel said. "Everything is just as well arranged as it is at home. People would hardly believe in England, if they could see us sitting here, that we were only out on a two days' picnic. They would be quite content there to rough it and take their meals sitting on the ground, or any way they could get them. It really seems ridiculous having everything like this."

"There is nothing like making yourself comfortable," the doctor said; "and as the servants have an easy time of it generally, it does them good to bestir themselves now and then. The expense of one or two extra bullock carts is nothing, and it makes all the difference in comfort."

"How far is the nullah from here, doctor?" Wilson, who could think of nothing else but the tiger, asked.

"About two miles. It is just as well not to go any nearer. Not that he would be likely to pay us a visit, but he might take the alarm and shift his quarters. No, no more wine, major, we shall want our blood cool in the morning. Now we will go out to look at the elephants and have a talk with the mahouts, and find out which of the animals can be most trusted to stand steady. It is astonishing what a dread most elephants have of tigers. I was on one once that I was assured would face anything, and the brute bolted and went through some trees, and I was swept off the pad and it was half an hour before I opened my eyes. It was a mercy I had not every rib broken. Fortunately I was a light weight, or I might have been killed. And I have seen the same sort of thing happen a dozen times, so we must choose a couple of steady ones, anyhow, for the ladies."

For the next hour they strolled about outside. The doctor cross-questioned the mahouts and told off the elephants for the party, then there was a talk with the native shikaris, and arrangements made for the beat, and at an early hour all retired to rest.

The morning was just breaking when they were called. Twenty minutes later they were assembled to take a cup of coffee before starting. The elephants were arranged in front of the tents, and they were just about to mount when a horse was heard coming at a gallop.

"Wait a moment," the major said, "it may be a message of some sort from the station." A minute later Bathurst rode in and reined up his horse in front of the tent.

"Why, Bathurst, what brings you here? Changed your mind at the last moment and found you could get away? That's right. You shall come on the pad with me."

"No, I have not come for that, major. I have brought a despatch that arrived at two o'clock this morning. Doolan opened it and came to me, and asked me to bring it on to you, as I knew the way and where your camp was to be pitched."

"Nothing serious, I hope, Bathurst," the major said, struck with the gravity with which Bathurst spoke. "It must be something important or Doolan would never have routed you off like that."

"It is very serious, major," Bathurst said, in a low voice. "May I suggest you had better go into the tent to read it? Some of the servants understand English."

"Come in with me," the major said, and led the way into the tent where the lamps were still burning on the breakfast table, although the light had broadened out over the sky outside. It was with grave anticipation of evil that the major took the paper from the envelope, but his worst fears were more than verified by the contents.

"My dear major. The general has just received a telegram with terrible news from Meerut. 'Native troops mutinied, murdered officers, women and children, opened jails and burned cantonments, and marched to Delhi. It is reported that there has been a general rising there and the massacre of all Europeans. Although this is not confirmed, that never is considered probable. We hear also that the native cavalry at Lucknow have mutinied. Lawrence telegraphs that he has suppressed it with the European troops there, and has disarmed the mutineers. I believe that our regiment will be faithful, but none can be trusted now. I should recommend your preparing some fortified house to which all Europeans in station can retreat in case of trouble. Now that they have taken to massacre as well as mutiny, God knows how it will all end.'

"Good Heavens! who could have dreamt of this!" the major groaned. "Massacred their officers, women and children! All Europeans at Delhi supposed to have been massacred, and there must be hundreds of them. Can it be true?"

"The telegram as to Meerut is clearly an official one," Bathurst said. "Delhi is as yet but a rumor, but it is too probable that if these mutineers and jail birds, flushed with success, reached Delhi before the whites were warned, they would have their own way in the place as, with the exception of a few artillerymen at an arsenal, there is not a white soldier in the place."

"But there were white troops at Meerut," the major said. "What could they have been doing? However, that is not the question now. We must, of course, return instantly. Ask the others to come in here, Bathurst. Don't tell the girls what has taken place, it will be time enough for that afterwards. All that is necessary to say is that you have brought news of troubles at some stations unaffected before, and that I think it best to return at once."

The men were standing in a group wondering what the news could be which was deemed of such importance that Bathurst should carry it out in the middle of the night.

"The major will be glad if you will all go in, gentlemen," Bathurst said, as he joined them.

"Are we to go in, Mr. Bathurst?" Miss Hunter asked.

"No, I think not, Miss Hunter; the fact is there have been some troubles at two or three other places and the major is going to hold a sort of council-of-war as to whether the hunt had not better be given up. I rather fancy that they will decide to go back at once. News flies very fast in India. I think the major would like that he and his officers should be back before it is whispered among the Sepoys that the discontent has not, as we hoped, everywhere ceased."

"It must be very serious," Isobel said, "or uncle would never decide to go back, when all the preparations are made."

"It would never do, you see, Miss Hannay, for the Commandant and four of the officers to be away, if the Sepoys should take it into their heads to refuse to receive cartridges or anything of that sort."

"You can't give us any particulars then, Mr. Bathurst?"

"The note was a very short one, and was partly made up of unconfirmed rumors. As I only saw it in my capacity of a messenger, I don't think I am at liberty to say more than that."

"What a trouble the Sepoys are," Mary Hunter said pettishly. "It is too bad our losing a tiger hunt when we may never have another chance."

"That is a very minor trouble, Mary."

"I don't think so," the girl said; "just at present it seems to be very serious."

At this moment the doctor put his head out of the tent.

"Will you come in, Bathurst?"

"We have settled, Bathurst," the major said, when he entered, "that we must of course go back at once. The doctor, however, is of opinion that if, after all the preparations were made, we were to put the tiger hunt off altogether, it would set the natives talking, and the report would go through the country like wildfire that some great disaster had happened.

"We must go back at once, and Mr. Hunter having a wife and daughter there is anxious to get back too; but the doctor urges that he should go out and kill this tiger. As it is known that you have just arrived, he says that if you are willing to go with him, it will be thought that you had come here to join the hunt, and if the hunt comes off and the tiger is killed, it does not matter whether two or sixty of us went out or not."

"I shall be quite willing to do so," said Bathurst, "and I really think that the doctor's advice is good. If, now that you have all arrived upon the ground, the preparations were all cancelled, there can be no doubt that the natives would come to the conclusion that something very serious had taken place, and it would be all over the place in no time."

"Thank you, Bathurst. Then we will consider that arranged. Now we will get the horses in as soon as possible and be off at once."

Ten minutes later the buggies were brought round and the whole party, with the exception of the doctor and Bathurst, started for Deennugghur.

(To be Continued.)

Influence of Mind Over Matter.

"I am sorry to learn that you are so sick you cannot possibly be in your accustomed place to-morrow morning, Miss Hysse," said the minister's wife condolingly, "and I have hurried over to say that you need not feel the slightest uneasiness about the solo you were to sing in the opening anthem. Mr. Goodman and the chorister have arranged that Miss Gonby shall take the part and—"

"What!"

The popular soprano of the Rev. Dr. Goodman's church choir at once sat bolt upright in bed.

"What!" she screamed. "That old maid with the cracked voice try to sing my solo! Never!"

With one hand she tore the bandages off her head; with the other she swept the medicines from the little side-table to the floor, and then she kicked down the coverlets.

"Tell Dr. Goodman and the chorister," she said, in a voice that rang through the house like the silvery tones of a bell, "to notify Miss Gonby she needn't mangle that solo. I'll be there!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Illustrated Testimonial.

"Fenderson Seed Co. Gentlemen.—I planted your 'quick-growth' seeds this spring and found they came up even quicker than I expected. Yours truly, C. M. SCRATCH."

Facing a Lion.

In one of the side shows connected with the circus was a cage with a single lion in it. On the cage was a placard reading: "This beast has killed ten men. One thousand dollars to any one who dares enter his cage." A big sign to the same effect was hung up outdoors, and those who didn't go in to see the fat boy and the mermaid surely wanted to gaze on the lion. There was a good crowd in, and the lecturer was about to begin on the mermaid, when a little old man, who was bowlegged and humpbacked, crowded to the front and said:

"Look here, I want a try for that thousand dollars. Gimme a show at that lion."

"My friend, do you want to be torn into dog meat?" asked the lecturer in reply. "You wouldn't live thirty seconds after entering the cage."

"Is he a Numidian lion?"

"He is, and one of the most savage beasts ever captured."

"Killed ten men, eh?"

"He has."

"Well, I'd like to tackle him. If he kills me I'll be 'torn.' I want that thousand dollars mighty bad, and I'm willing to run considerable risk. Gimme a fair show, will ye?"

"You keep right away from his cage. No man in liquor should get within ten feet of a Numidian lion."

"I haven't drunk a drop of licker in ten years!" (quick-growth' scalds this old man. "Darn you and your old Numidian lion to boot! You ain't willin' to give a man a show!"

He backed off, and the lecturer delivered the usual oration on the mermaid. He was about to begin on the fat boy when the Numidian lion uttered a series of roars, and everybody's attention was attracted to the cage. The little old man had slipped around and opened the door and entered. Not only that, but he had that lion by the tail, and was drawing him backward around the cage. Men shouted and women shrieked, and the lecturer rushed forward and shrieked:

"Man! man! but you must be mad!"

"Never felt better natured in my life!" replied the old man as he stopped to rest.

"Come out or you'll be torn to pieces!"

"I rather guess not! There's only one Numidian critter in here, and he don't seem to be on the tear very much. He-up, here, you old moseback, and take another promenade!"

He was drawing the beast around the cage again when the lecturer entered it and said something in a low voice.

"Make it ten and I'll do it!" replied the old man in loud tones. "You said you'd give a thousand, but being it's hard times for money I'll let you off easy. Make 'er ten and pay me before I let go of his tail."

It was handed to him then and there, and he descended, wiped his hands on the grass, and feelingly observed to the circle of admirers:

"Durn my hide, but when a man brings any sort of a thing into this town and sends out a def I'm right on deck! That's the fust critter from Numidia I ever tackled, but I'll be lookin' for more from this on. Everybody come out and have some red lemonade with me!"—*New York Sun.*

Fashion's Slave.

Mr. Sugar N. Sand—Tess! Yes, ma'am. What kind do you prefer—black or green?

Mrs. Sanford Hoyle—I'll take a pound of pink tea. I hear that's the most stylish now.

One Below Par.

Bloobumper—I always laugh when I hear Cubbage trying to sing Old Hunter.

Spatts—Why?

Bloobumper—He's never able to get any higher than Ninety-and-nine.

It's Business.

"It wasn't square. He kicked over the ladder on which he climbed."

"That's customary. He doesn't want to go down again."

Too Modern.

"Mrs. Struckit affects the antique in her house decoration."

"Yes, she told me the other day that she was heartbroken because she could not get the shades of her ancestors for the parlor windows."

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

ILL EFFECTS OF TOBACCO

relieved by its use.

He Wouldn't Take Pay.

Two men stood on a New York street corner chatting, one having his boots blacked the while, the other trying to keep a poor cigar burning. The latter had but one leg. When the ragged little bootblack had got through with the one and collected a nickel, he hopped his box smartly with his brush and looked up at the one-legged man:

"Shine 'em up, sir?"

"Why, I've only got one foot, young chap."

"Shine it up, sir!"

"Well, I don't know—you charge a nickel for two feet, I suppose you'll do mine for two and a half cents, eh?"

"Yes," said the boy, "if you'll furnish the change." He went industriously to work polishing up the lonely foot, while the two men continued joking. The one-legged man was telling the other fellow about leaving his leg on the slope of Lookout Mountain. He had pulled out a ten-cent piece mechanically, as he talked, and the boy was a long time on the job. When the lad had put an extra fine polish on the broad-bottomed shoe the one-legged customer cheerily tendered the dime.

"I always pay double," said he, laughing patronizingly, "on account of the wear and tear on the boy's feelings."

"An' I allus don't take nothin'," retorted the dirty little fellow, shouldering his box with the conventional swing. "My grandpa left a leg in the war, an' I don't take nothin' for a cuein job, see—on account o' de wear an' tear on me feelings—see?" he added slyly.

And he swaggered away with an air of independence that struck the two men speechless with amazement.—*New York Herald.*

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Too Much for Her.

"They really fear she will go insane. You see, she found a diary he kept before he met and married her."

"Oh, I see! And the awful revelations——"

"Revelations nothing! It was in cipher and she couldn't read a word of it."

Don't fool with indigestion. Take BEECHAM'S PILLS.

Unanswerable Argument.

"That was an excellent sermon Dr. Prosy gave us this morning on the immensity of the universe."

"Do you think the doctor is right?"

"Most assuredly."

"Then, why in thunder do they make these bedrooms so small?"

Remember.

"The Persian Lotion" is the best preparation known for removing pimples and other eruptions of the skin. It is the true skin specific, this Persian Lotion. The enormous consumption of it is enough to prove its efficacy.

How He Regained His Partner.

Mrs. Uppontop—Pardon me, sir. (In an undertone.) "Clarisse, I wish you would refrain from accepting attentions from that man. Thomas says he runs a drill for a living.

Cousin Tom—I forgot to add, auntie, that he's an instructor at West Point. (And in the meantime the lieutenant had flown.)

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is the best Cure for any wasting disease like La Grippe? Undoubtedly the only sure remedy known is

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"I am convinced that after having been sick a whole year from liver complaint, Ayer's Sarsaparilla saved my life. The best physicians being unable to help me, and having tried other medicines without benefit, I at last took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was cured."—Mary Schubert, Kansas City, Kans.

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Perfectly Harmless Wonderfully Effective

Price 50 Cents

Stagnation in the Gambling Circles.

Foxy James—You look kinder worried, Petie.

Sly Pete—Come round on th' other side. I've been playin' poker alone, an' my right duke's woin all th' chips.

P. S.—To get the benefit of this joke the reader will kindly place his, hers or its finger over one-half of the face.—*Judge.*

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Importing Waifs.

At the last meeting of the Walpole Township Council a resolution was passed providing that a person named Lawson be returned to the Evans Home in Hamilton, accompanied by a protest against making Ontario a dumping ground for the indigents of the old world. It seems strange that year in and out such protests should be made in vain, and that the flow of indigent adults and vicious youths to this country should be allowed to continue and swell. In the absence of any other explanation of the apathy of the Government in this matter, it might be reasonably suggested that Dr. Barnardo, Miss Rye and imitators are allowed free scope in their traffic, because any living human thing counts one in the census, and while first-class emigrants in part may drift across to the States, the other kind stays right with us, their further progress being restrained by absence of energy or by the useful presence of reformatories, prisons and poorhouses. A thin man may grieve because of his gaunt visage yet find no cause for pleasure in a neuralgic swelling on his jaw, and so with these pestilential additions to our population. They add fullness to our outline, but feverish diseases to our blood and system. Those engaged in transplanting the vice and sloth of Europe to the newer soil of Canada profess to believe they are improving both gardens, as though the changing of a burdock plant from a fence corner into a conservatory would cause it to blossom out a chrysanthemum. This is an exact illustration of their work. They go out among the weeds and poisonous growths of London, plucking with gauntleted hand the most troublesome sprouts and claim to be doing a charitable work in freeing the neighborhood of its worst menace, and then they come here with what they have gathered, and lo! the menace of England is considered a sweet bouquet of rare human exotics, the hope and salvation of Canada. Surely the idea that climate exerts an influence upon vice has had a set-back in the example of Deeming, who committed atrocious murders in two hemispheres and seemed, by the record of his travels, to have scoured unknown oceans in quest of a third hemisphere to pollute with his devilish presence. Yet no other pretense has been or can be set up than that climate and new surroundings alter the course of these fellows' lives, for the training they secure is too brief to reconstruct them. They are induced to leave their haunts only by the most glittering promises of opportunities to grow rich abroad, and when their combustible ignorance is set aflame in this way they are fit for nothing when confronted with the realities of life here. They find that an empty stomach feels just as disagreeable in this wooden country as it did in the Whitechapel neighborhood, and when this harrowing truth is impressed upon them they revert to old expedients for relief. To be sure during their brief stay at the Home they were instructed to pray for that of which they felt in need, but to them this seems an unknown and improbable experiment and early experience and family tradition remind them that stealing is the quickest and surest means of relief. They reflect too that a loaf once eaten cannot be detected by the most vigilant eye, and even though its location should be betrayed by stray crumbs leading to its place of hiding like criminal footprints, yet it cannot be recovered by any process of law.

Dismissing the question of the ineradicable worthlessness of these youngsters, taken on the average, which some will not admit at all, there are other weighty considerations. Anybody who sees the two hundred occupants of the Orphans' Home on Dovercourt road parading to church on Sabbath, must see injustice in subjecting this institution to such competition as it meets. In an English paper the other day it was stated that there are one thousand children born every year in the workhouses of London alone. Canada cannot pretend to relieve the pressure of pauperism in the old land; it will be doing more than any other country has ever done if it cares for its own paupers as they should be cared for—if it finds homes for its own orphans, if it gives them a smattering of education and a chance in life. Nothing more should be asked of this country and nothing more should be attempted. There is likelihood of failure even in this. The United States, great and prosperous as they are, have allowed a vast bulk of pauperism to accumulate. Charity has not kept pace with the demands upon it. In Canada the machinery of life is mercilessly tossing orphans aside as useless material in the great web it is weaving, and if charity has not its hands full in restoring these to place the reason must be ascribed to neglect, not to lack of opportunity. Then why should the Orphans' Home and the Girls' Home and similar institutions which have difficulty in securing support and in caring for those deserving care, and in finding places for those ready to graduate into the outside world—why should the children in these institutions be shunted aside by imported waifs!

Those engaged in this peculiar industry, which they are pleased to call a work, not of business, but of philanthropy, were greatly incensed at an article of mine in a daily paper last summer, in which reference was made to the number of these boys who found all the comforts and securities of home in our reformatories and prisons. I was malicious and untruthful, they said. Since then I have kept a sort of score book or Catalogue of Crimes by Imported Orphans. A more experienced compiler would have kept this record in better shape than it now is, but experience will make it more complete and instructive by next summer. Only such cases are set down as have been mentioned in newspapers passing through my hands, but already note has been made of one murder, one of attempted poisoning, two cases of arson, one of "supernatural manifestations" that alarmed the countryside, several of theft and desertion and several of desertion without theft. This record is merely being started, and hereafter will be carried along more carefully, giving the name of the importer in each case and such further particulars as may be obtained with a little effort, and a year from today it will be published if anyone desires to read it and place it before the Government.

MACK.

The Drama.

THE Shakespeare Club and the Ontario College of Oratory gave an entertainment before a large and appreciative audience in the Pavilion on Friday evening, June 3. Mr. Fraser Evans' oration on Our Country was a careful treatment of a grand subject, though somewhat weak in parts; his earnest appeal for a higher patriotism, which would lift Canadians above narrow party views, called forth hearty and well deserved applause. The recitations given by Miss M. Williams, Miss M. Bayne, Miss F. Denby and Miss E. Sutherland were of a high order, although slightly marred in places by indistinctness of articulation; these ladies showed that they possess the essential powers of modulation, and assimilation of character. Miss F. Martin as Lady Macbeth and Mr. H. Martin as Macbeth are to be congratulated on the manner in which they rendered the characters because of their apparent fitness. Her portrayal of Julia, torn by love, anger and pride, was admirable. In the lending and court scenes from the Merchant of Venice, Mrs. W. E. Blackhall, Miss F. Martin, Prof. F. J. Brown, Mr. J. P. Macdermott, Mr. Yorke Brown, Mr. R.Y. Douglas and Mr. J. F. Evans of the Shakespeare Club well sustained their various *roles*, but in several places too rapid speaking resulted in imperfect enunciation. Prof. F. J. Brown as Shylock well deserved the hearty applause which his clever acting called forth. Miss F. Martin's Portia was a well sustained effort throughout, but her manner of saluting the duke was decidedly modern, while Bassanio committed the grave offence of turning his back on the audience on two occasions when addressing Antonio, which somewhat detracted from his conscientious portrayal of the character. The music supplied by the Grand Opera House Orchestra, under the able direction of Prof. Timpson, was a great treat. The overture during the interval, which included a xylophone solo, was immensely appreciated and had to be repeated.

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Esmeralda was presented by the St. Alphonsus' Club at the Academy of Music last Friday night. Had it been given earlier in the season it would have drawn a better house, although the attendance was fair and the feeling one of satisfaction. With S. H. Clark as elocutionary instructor, Harry W. Rich as stage manager and a play of proven merits, nothing but success would be possible. Esmeralda had these advantages Friday night. In the play two fond hearts are severed through the poverty of the hero and the heroine is about to be bartered by a calculating mamma to a French marquis for the wealth and title, when suddenly iron ore is discovered on the hero's farm and he is rich. You would just think iron ore had a heart of its own and sympathized with true love, or that it had a cue and came on the scene when summoned by the heroine's sob, so opportune is its appearance. French noblemen, moreover, according to the playwright, appear to be all old, mean and unmarried, looking for young wives as rapaciously as so many Bluebeards might. As Old Man Rogers, Mr. J. J. McKitterick showed a very good conception of his part, creating much amusement and being ably assisted by his wife, Miss Annie Cummings. Miss Eva Ward and Mr. William Barron in the leading *roles* did very well under the many trying situations of the piece. As the Marquis, J. G. O'Donoghue was good, also Miss O'Donoghue and Miss Fanny Pringle were sweet Desmond sisters, and the others made the best of their parts. Unless a critic approached this presentation in a harsh spirit he could find little to object to, and therefore I say it is rather unfortunate the performance was not dated earlier in the year.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

The Irish capital will be *en fete* the week commencing July 4, when the tercentenary of Trinity College, Dublin, will be celebrated by a representative gathering of the universities of the world. For the dramatic performances Mr. Edward Compton has been unanimously chosen.

It will be recalled that Mr. Gladstone left the House of Commons one night last week while the Irish local government bill was being discussed, and betook himself to the Garrick Theater where, sitting in the wings, he enjoyed the presentation of A Fool's Paradise, in which Mr. John Hare, the manager of the theater, takes the part of Sir Peter Lund. The great Liberal leader has now written a highly appreciative and complimentary letter to Mr. Hare on the subject of the play and upon Mr. Hare's acting.

There was a scene at the appearance at the Vienna Musical and Dramatic Exhibition of the company of the Paris Comedie Francaise. While De Musset's Une Nuit Dans Octobre was being recited, Princess Gisela, of Bavaria, Emperor Francis Joseph's eldest daughter, withdrew with her two daughters from the imperial box. The poem, as is well known, touches upon an unhappy passion, and it is presumed recalled to the princess the sad death of her brother, Crown Prince Rudolph. The party returned, however, in time to hear Les Femmes Savantes, which was received with the utmost enthusiasm by the audience. Among those present were: Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, his brother, Prince Philip, and the latter's wife, Princess Louise.

A novel and spirited incident occurred recently in a French provincial theater. An actress of well deserved fame, because she has an extra allowance of youthful beauty and Paris piquancy, plus great talent, was to appear in Madame la Marechale. At the last moment it was discovered that the actress's dresses had not arrived. She appeared before the curtain and explained the sad state of affairs. Stern's Maria could not have been more plaintive, and the audience were as much moved as was Stern himself. The audience unanimously exclaimed, "Play the part without your clothes." The sweet actress with her sweetest expression said she would do her best to please them, and the piece, which requires her *role* to be clad in the richest garments that a woman of extreme wealth and fashion could possess, was played by the heroine in a natty comfortable traveling dress. She had a *success enorme*. At the end of the performance a spectator stood on his seat and said: "Madame, in the name of the *habitues* of this, our theater, I offer you sincere thanks and congratulations. Return, Oh! return, dear madame, quickly return, we beg of you, let us see you with clothes on which are suited to the part, though they cannot add to your intellectual conception of it, to your grace and to your beauty."

Joseph Jefferson tells a capital story as a contribution to the widespread discussion of the question whether actors should feel the emotions they depict:

Mrs. Warner had long acted with Macready. That great actor found that one favorite passage in Werner had lost its old-time effectiveness. It was the passage wherein Werner excuses himself to his son for the petty plunder of Stralenhein's gold. Mrs. Warner, when her opinion was asked, said: "When you spoke that speech ten years ago there was a surprise in your face as if you then only realized what you had done. You looked shocked and bewildered, and in a forlorn way seemed to cast about for words that would excuse the crime; and all this with a depth of feeling and sincerity that would naturally come from an honest man who had been for the first time in his life accused of theft."

"That is as it should be given," said Macready. "And now, madam?"

"You speak it," said his frank critic, "like one who has committed a great many thefts in his life, and whose glib excuses are so pat and frequent that he is neither shocked, surprised nor abashed at the accusation."

"I thank you, madam," said the old actor. "The distinction may appear at first as a nice one, but there is much in it."

Speaking of the Poet and the Puppets, a take-off on Oscar Wilde's play now being presented in London, the critic of the *Pall Mall Budget* says: "Rumor had it that the skit on Lady Windermere's Fan was so amiable that it would hurt no one's feelings, and Rumor also said that it contained many lines which would not be allowed to outlive the first night. But Rumor was wrong—quite wrong. It is not gentle and it is not naughty, but it is clever. The Poet is discovered in his study, and Mr. Charles Hawtrey in the part looked a good deal like Mr. Wilde. The Poet was bored; he had invented fairies, flowers and music, and felt so 'foolishly fertile' he must invent something else. So he summoned a fairy, and told her he proposed to invent plays and actors. He did not mean to invent anything new—in fact, he 'could not afford to invent anything that was not thoroughly known.' The fairy replies in verse, but he stops her, pointing out that it is absurd to use 'anything so prosaic as verse in anything so poetic as life.' She fails to understand him, yet he does not aid her; 'it would be so dull to be understood.' She calls five celebrated dramatists to her aid, but, except Shakespeare's neat though somewhat subtle jest that he never wrote any play save Henry VIII., they are not very funny. Then the actual travesty begins with a parody on the first scene of the original. Finding himself short of matter, the poet introduces Hamlet and Ophelia. As the Prince's mistress Miss Lottie Venue cleverly mimicked Mrs. Tree in the mad scene: the poor thing has been driven mad by the popularity of the day, and sings snatches of some of them delightfully. In this scene Mr. Eric Lewis sang a diverting song about the folly of taking your mother-in-law to a ball, and Mr. Hawtrey was cruelly skilful in an imitation of Mr. Rutland Barrington's singing. The library scene came next, and its quiet humor was not received with due appreciation. The men sat round like Christy Minstrels and led up to one another's jokes, which turned out to be very ancient 'wheezes.' This idea of the resemblance of the original scene to a Moore & Burgess show was suggested in our notice of the play. The *denouement* of this scene was the discovery of six Lady Teazles behind the curtain—a pertinent hit at Mr. Wilde. No great ingenuity was shown in bringing the affair to an end. On the whole, the skit is very funny; the empty paradoxes of Mr. Wilde very cleverly touched off, and the sham smart sayings were often funny. It is perhaps a little too unkind in its suggestions against Mr. Wilde of plagiarism, and its hint that he is too keen in a bargain; while the clever parody on Mr. Barrington's singing was rather too sharp; otherwise it is legitimate fooling, though at times needlessly extravagant. The audience seemed thoroughly pleased, and we believe that no one who has seen the original can fail to be amused by the travesty."

Pursued by Prayers.

IT sometimes happens that a good cause may be sorely maljudged and a big thing lightly dismissed by the thoughtless onlooker. The Primitive Methodists have set up a large gospel tent on Crawford street south of Queen, and on Sunday afternoon while service was being conducted a group of boys gathered on the corner. One of them wanted the others to "slide down to de wharf and try to git over to de Island."

"Naw," said another, "let's take in de tent. What's goin' on dere, anyhow?"

"Aw, de tent—what's de good ob takin' in de tent?" cried the first with tones of contempt. "Dere's nothin' dere but hollerin' and yellin' and takin' up a collecksihun."

And he headed the small procession towards the wharf, while from the tent swelled the song of the libeled multitude, For You I am Praying.

ZEKE.

'Varsity Chat.

SINCE the announcement of the results many are saying, "There are only a few of us left."

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Something worth the careful consideration of some who are not students: The senate is not the university, much less is a senator.

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Some of the men who graduated this spring from the theological colleges have punctually gone into matrimony, and to those who may be cogitating over such an important matter I refer them to the following expression of opinion by a well known writer: "Nature has destined the girl to produce what in a dramatic sense is called a startling effect, inasmuch as it has furnished her for a few years with superabundant beauty, fascination and fullness, at the cost of her whole remaining lifetime, in order that during these years she may be able to conquer the imagination of a man to the extent that he shall be so far carried away as to honorably undertake in some form or shape the care of her for life; a step for which mere reasonable deliberation seems to give no adequate security."

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Knox College is sending out a large force of men this year to work for "the good that they can do" in the mission fields during the summer months. J. B. Burnet has been appointed to the Chisholm field, Kells, P. O.; A. S. Ross to South Bay, Manitoulin Island; Jas. Borland to Byng Inlet, and E. W. McKay to Cook's Mills; George Gerrie and J. C. Cameron go to the North-West for a year, the former to Pine Creek, in the neighborhood of Calgary, and Mr. Cameron to Mt. Leighman, which is in the neighborhood of Edmonton, where Rev. Dr. McQueen, B.A., has been settled for some years. R. G. Murison will spend the summer in Muskoka at Port Carling; J. Landsborough at Magnetawan; and S. Whaley is farther up the river and a little inland, at the old Dunchurch field; A. L. Budge goes to his old field, Bayfield; W. J. West to Berridale, and J. A. Dow to Dwight; J. A. Cranson will spend the summer with his brother-in-law, Rev. R. J. M. Glassford, at Streetsville; T. Bell will do mission work at Arkona, Lambton Co.; S. McLennan at Patillo, Essex Co; E. A. Henry at Maynook, North Hastings; and J. D. Morrison at Muskoka Falls; G. B. Wilson will take charge of the Windermere field, and G. Arnold will labor at Reay, Muskoka; while French River will be supplied by T. Menzies; the Alma congregation, at present vacant, has secured A. Crockard for the summer; Port Stanley is in the same position, and will be supplied by S. O. Nixon; and J. Wilson will go to Sunderland for a few months; W. A. Merkley goes to North Williamsburg; A. H. Abbott, J. Ross, R. Grant, and W. E. Sinclair go to their respective homes at Brockville, Blyth, St. Mary's and Whitby; while T. Eakin goes to a field in the vicinity of Sault Ste. Marie, where from 200 to 300 men are working on the canal which is being constructed on the Canadian side.

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Our men win distinction wherever they go. Among those of our old boys who attended Princeton last session was W. D. Kerswell, B.A., '90, and all 'Varsity men will be glad to learn that he carried off the Stanton prize, which is the chief honor of the middle year. The subject of his thesis was, What was the Book of the Law Found in the Temple of Hilkiah. Mr. Kerswell will probably be a candidate for the Final Year Fellowship prize of $600, entitling the winner to go abroad for post-graduate work.

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The subject this year for the Ramsay scholarship is, The History of the Postoffice Savings Bank System of Canada, and candidates for the bankers' scholarship will be examined on Sealy's Expansion of England and Symes' Elementary Political Economy, while the subjects for the Wyld prize are: (1) Satire in English Literature from 1660-1750; (2) Shakespeare's and Mollere's Comedy Compared; (3) Spencer's Faerie Queen and Tennyson's Idyls of the King as Representative Poems of the Periods of English Literature; (4) Religious Thought and Feeling in the 19th Century as represented by Browning and Tennyson.

The Association football team, under Captain Watty Thomson's skilful coaching, made a great record for themselves on their American trip. Chicago and Detroit both succumbed to our clever kickers and Berlin, the only Canadian club they played, were an easy team for Thomson's forwards. The lacrosse club had a very pleasant trip to Cornell University at Ithaca, N.Y., and gave our American cousins a few pointers on stick-handling, and cricket is also flourishing this year, and though the team have not many wins to their credit they have played some very close and creditable games. 'Varsity, as is generally the case, proved too strong for Galt at the wicket, but were beaten at Hamilton. The Toronto Cricket Club, as was expected, had rather an easy game with our boys, but the annual matches with Trinity University and Upper Canada College, though both were lost, should have been won, especially the latter match, which was lost, not by the superior strength of the opposing team but by one individual's lucky score. Our Cricket Club was at a disadvantage with the other clubs through not having a professional coach. But baseball is the favorite game with the students this year and receives most attention. Thanks to Manager Garrett and the committee some good attractions have been secured. The Detroit Athletic Club visited Toronto on the Queen's Birthday and won two straight games. Cornell University, the old-time opponents of 'Varsity, followed next and succeeded in winning in a very close game. The team was next defeated in London, also by a close score, but at Ann Arbor, with the University of Michigan team, success at last crowned their efforts and they won a splendid game. If our baseballers go to Detroit on July 4, as is expected, they will stand a good chance of "wiping out" their former defeats.

JUNIOR.

June.

For Saturday Night.

Crowded houses, narrow streets,
Stunted trees, and children here
Dwarfed and burned with urban heats;
Verdure prematurely sere;
Clouds—but only clouds of dust;
All day long the heat of noon;
Dreams—but hard-faced dreams of lust;
Can this be our sweetheart June?

Stately mansions, builded on
What is called the people's right;
Acres of green glossy lawn
Where the poor may feast their sight;
Legalized monopoly
Of old Nature's cosmic boon!
Smiling, urban (s) mockery
Of the lights and rights of June!

Strife of crowds and din of trade;
Crosus' self-allotted share
Of the sunshine and the shade
And the universal air;
Tenements as dark as mines,
Where diseases come and go,
And the great sun never shines—
Is this June? Ah, No! No! No!

But throw cities to the wind,
Come where June her freedom rears;
Leave the city's life behind,
With its nightly sins and tears;
Here are meadows, lanes and wood,
Flowers, streams reflecting trees;
Earth's harmonic sisterhood
Kissed by unpolluted breeze!

Bring the white-faced children here,
Let them scream and laugh and run
Out upon the clovered mere
Till the glorious day is done!
One chance owner may be gruff,
But his heart will grant the boon;
'Tis not free, but free enough,
And at least a taste of June.

Ottawa. CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

Love.

For Saturday Night.

When woodland air and sky inspire
The reeling dreams of amorous fire,
How wildly ravious Heaven cries,
Destruction lurks in beauty's eyes!
But vain are Heaven's fond alarms,
To startle youth from beauty's arms
While love retains the master spell,
To paradise the darkest hell.

R. A. WIDDOWSON.

Bridal Song.

For Saturday Night.

Ring, glorious bells, 'tis June! She comes, she comes!
My bride is beautiful! She comes to me
While song-thrilled birds trill forth their sweetest tunes,
While snow-white blossoms deck the apple-tree,
While fields are green and forests fair to see.
She comes, she comes! My love, my bride, my queen!
Her laughter's gentle music glad with glee,
Her tender cheeks abloom with rose-like sheen,
Her starry eyes aglow with love's soft light serene.

Ring, glorious bells! She comes, my bride, my own!
While song and sunshine gladden earth and air,
While balmy winds and breezes soft in tone
Do breathe abroad on wings of music rare,
The secret sighs of fragrant flow'rets fair.
She comes! The rose whose petals cannot die;
For more my blissful soul they blooms there.
She comes! she sunshine of my life's wild sky,
Kissing with smiling rainbows ev'ry storm-tear dry.

ERNEST E. LEIGH.

Friendship.

For Saturday Night

With thee conversing I forget all time.—*Milton, in Paradise Lost.*

All fears, all cares, all vain regret,
When I am with thee, are full soon forgot;
Thy charm of language will not let
Me think upon the anguish of my lot.

And thou art kind, else those clear eyes
Would never glow with such benignant light,
A sweet is finence as of skies,
Guiding my wayward course to paths of right.

The witch'ry of thy presence seems
To me to banish quite all things that find
At night a lodgment in my dreams,
And now, in truth, thou fillest all my mind.

Thy spell is on me; the hours fly—
The remote hours which I fain would stay—
Too soon we part and say good-bye;
Too soon from thee I tear myself away.

Gentlest friend! thy voice will often
Come to my mem'ry like some rare rich rhyme,
Recalling old places and seasons when
With thee conversing I forget all time.

G. N. BRAUMONT.

To the Departing May.

For Saturday Night.

And art thou going to leave us, May?
And must I say good-bye?
And must we part from thee lovely sight
Beneath the midnight sky?
Hushed is the air and calm and still
And veiled is the moon,
The hour on which thou wing'st away
Hath touched all things with gloom.

When summer comes all hot and dry,
'Tis then we'll miss thee, May;
We'll miss thy breath so fresh and sweet
To cool each burning ray.
And when the dreary autumn comes
And dead leaves strew the way,
We'll miss thy smiling beauty,
So fresh and glad and gay.

But chiefly when stern winter rules
With iron hand severe,
And over nature spreads a gloom
Of desolation drear;
When bitter blows the wind and cold
And shorter grows the day,
'Tis then we'll know how fair thou wast,
O! lovely, winsome May.

JAMES FRANCIS DELANEY.

Sleep and Dreamland.

For Saturday Night.

As daylight fades, and gleams the evening star,
The curtained night begins her shadowed reign;
And in dreamy, misty form of air,
The band of sleep steals on the wearied brain.

Lulled into rest by hooded songs of love,
And drowsy thoughts of fame's triumphant day;
The gentle sleep from night's enchanted flowers,
In soothing kindness sheep the world away.

No idle sound disturbs the sleeping world,
The sometimes sleep upon you distant hill:
A wave of silence whelms the landscape o'er,
And sows the trembling boughs and moonlit rill.

BERT KELLY.

Echoes Fame.

For Saturday Night.

Plunged in the lurid flames of war
Mid sabre flash and cannon roar,
Mid clarion and groan and death's red stream,
Where stoutest heart of fear may dream.
Fly! machines, fly! pale terror cries.
Onward! the warrior's soul replies.
Then like the torrent, sweep the brave.
To victory, or glory's grave.

R. A. WIDDOWSON.

Between You and Me.

THERE is a certain pink covered paper, which hails from London the great, the items in which often afford me amusement, but one day lately I was really angry with this "Pink'un." In speaking of American women this paper said: "American peculiarities (mind, we only allude to what is peculiarly and particularly theirs) are for the most part offensive—a mad love for dress in which they far surpass the French or Russian women even; a contempt for all and every kind of restraint, that of the father as that of the husband; a strong tendency to chronic dyspepsia and other physical weaknesses, which are very disgusting and which foreign physicians even call "*maladies Americaines*," so peculiar are they to American ladies; imperfect, not to say bad teeth; and a nervous restlessness which would drive a stolid Britisher mad before the honeymoon was over—as we say, American peculiarities of which we have roughly and *currente calamo* just given a few samples, are for the most part offensive. We admire and indeed love American ladies, but (with the exception of those who have been caught, tamed and civilized by European influences) we cannot for one moment compare them with French, Russian, Italian, or Spanish women (we say nothing of the Germans); while as for our own country-women, they are far superior, both in *physique* and *morale*, to their American cousins as the light of the sun is superior to that of a wax taper."

*

As I say, I was foolish enough to feel a little warm over the remarks of the "Pink'un" until, in skimming the next page, I came across the following description of an English woman, which, thank heaven, is purely peculiar to that people: "At one dance which occurred quite lately, there was an excellent matron, who certainly would never see her fiftieth birthday again, and who was clothed in bright scarlet silk, which gave her all the appearance of a pillar box, and she was quite the rage among the boys. She danced indefatigably till the enamel with which her face was thickly daubed positively melted, and she flirted with all the zest of nineteen, and seemed to be thoroughly enjoying herself, while pretty young girls sat round the room trying to look as if they did not want to dance, and dancing was only fit for boys and old women." It was said, moreover, that this dame meant business. She was very rich, and she was on the look-out for a young husband, with a decided predilection for one under thirty. I think, on the whole, even an independent, dyspeptic, fashionable and fidgety American is a little ahead of *that!*

*

One of the latest wedding innovations in these *fin de siecle* days is to have the bride given away by her youngest sister. The small girl in short petticoats steps gravely forward and bows to the question "who giveth," ect. Well, that may be the latest, but it is not the most reasonable selection, for you and I and everyone know that the giving away act has been studied up from time immemorial by the little brother!

*

There are ways and means of raising money for the church, but I do think the latest is the most astounding of all! A ravishingly beautiful girl, dressed to represent a "nickel in the slot" machine, was labeled, "Put a shilling in the slot, and the figure will kiss you." A young friend thus describes the result. "I put the shilling in the slot, then I had a dream of sparkling eyes, soft lips, and faint perfume. I kept on putting in shillings till I was broke." I am glad, dear Ladies' Aids, that this dreadful thing happened as far off as Australia. The poor girl!

*

I dined with a ruffled dove one day lately. Soon the cause of her displeasure was made known. She had been to draw a postoffice order, and the "man" had been very rude. "Which man?" I demanded, jealous of the chivalry of the postoffice. She described him, and I was inconsolable. He was always a nice man, I thought, but he had been rude to my ruffled dove and I was bound to hate him ever after. The trouble had been over her signature, and in the end, the man had grimly smiled and got his way, not for the love of it, but because it was also his duty. Poor man!

*

Some time ago a woman rated the street car conductors for inattention. I felt sorry for them and dearly wished for time to answer the woman, but I had it not. Of course there are conductors and conductors! There is The Goth, who simply growls "fare," and the absent-minded man who forgets to ring for your street, and the old quiet man who helps you carefully up and down and watches every crossing, and replies to your "Thank you" with a bright, "You're welcome, miss." I have some favorites on the road with whom I exchange civilities as I pass these nice summer mornings on my wheel, or who genially triumph over me on rainy days; there are good and bad, just as everywhere, and when they get neat gray or blue uniforms they will no doubt be more alert and polite than before. They have a hard row to hoe some of them, and hoe it bravely, too.

*

In case any of my lady readers go yachting or boating this month, a pleasant preparation to apply for roughness of the skin, produced by wind or sunburn, is as follows: Mix together four ounces of oil of almonds, half an ounce of white wax and half an ounce of spermaceti in an earthen jar. Set the jar in boiling water, mix the ingredients well together. When quite smoothly melted, stir in two ounces of orange flower water. Mix thoroughly and pour into any ornamental earthen jars or pots.

LADY GAY.

Lord Tennyson is fond of port, notwithstanding the sentiments of "Locksley Hall." It is related that his friend Henry Irving went to dine with him. After dinner a bottle of port was brought in. The old servant, to Mr. Irving's amusement, set the bottle and one glass before his master, who helped himself and talked on. Mr. Irving, who also likes port, kept his counsel and devoted himself to the claret. He did not even reveal that he had been left out in the cold, when the post, having polished the bottle, quite unconscious that he had had no help, asked if he liked the wine.

Individualities.

There are twenty thousand women in the United Kingdom who earn their livelihood by nursing.

Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, the author, has given $10,000 for building a missionary college at Auckland, New Zealand.

The charmingly situated mansion of Stocks, Aldbury, Herts, has been taken as a residence by Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

Mrs. Lewis Washington of Charlestown, W. Va., has lent an interesting relic for exhibition at Mount Vernon. It is the old family Bible of Mary, the mother of Washington. It is an old-fashioned book covered with homespun cloth, a covering that Mary Washington put on with her own hands.

It is forty years since Louis Kossuth, then a man of forty-six, visited America, and the news of the recent celebration of his birthday seems like an echo from another century. Long years of exile in Italy have not quenched the ardor of his patriotism, but, at eighty-six, he has grown physically and mentally feeble.

Ex-King Milan of Servia is about to appear before the civil tribunals at Paris as the defendant in a lawsuit brought by a well known *demi mondaine*. Some time ago, while infatuated with the woman, he settled an annuity of six thousand dollars for life upon her. To-day, the ex-king, having tired of her, refuses to pay.

Prince Henry of Battenberg, who, by the by, is a most accomplished violoncellist, is daily acquiring greater influence over his mother-in-law, Queen Victoria. As the husband of Princess Beatrice, who lives with her, he is perpetually by her majesty's side. The queen has always found it necessary to have some sort of favorite or confidant, particularly so since the death of Prince Albert.

Few of the many readers of Pierre Loti's charming stories know that while he was still best known as Julien Viaud he was dubbed Loti (the Japanese for violet) by his fellow officers in the French navy, on account of his modest and retiring disposition. He therefore assumed Loti as a surname when looking about for a pen name. His first story, The Marriage of Loti, Madam Adam claims to have christened.

The Housewife Union of Berlin, founded by Frau Lina Morgenstern, twenty years ago, for improving domestic service, has become one of the most useful organizations of Germany. It gives prizes to women who have remained in the service of the same family for terms of five, ten, twenty and thirty years, the highest prize being thirty marks in gold. At a recent meeting a prize was given to one woman who had served fifty years in one place, outliving two generations.

Mrs. Theophila Kraemer, who, it was said, had attempted to enter Russia under the shield of the Red Cross Society, for the purpose of preaching socialistic or Polish nationalist doctrines, is a Pole by birth. She is handsome, with large eyes and dark hair. Her father left Russia when she was very young, but she has always been enthusiastic on the subject of restoring the independence of her native land. She has made many speeches on the subject at public mass meetings.

Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the heir to the Austrian throne, is viewed by European statesmen as an impending calamity. Just as the present emperor is wise and able, the heir apparent is weak in every way. Not only does he lack intelligence, but his personal character is not of the best; and there is only too good reason for fearing that when he wears the crown he will, through wantonness or ignorance, destroy the delicate adjustment which keeps Europe at peace now.

A good story is told of the encounter which Miss Lucinda Q. Gore, a school teacher at Lackharabad, India, had with a tiger. Turning from the blackboard she was confronted by a Royal Bengal at the open schoolroom door. With woman's wit, she jammed the brush end of a broom into his eyes, and when he drew back with a growl of pain, slammed the door in his face. Help came before the man-eater could gain ingress elsewhere, and the brave woman and her pupils were rescued.

John Jacob Astor second and William Astor were not the only sons of William B. Astor. He had another, Henry Astor, the brother of the man who died the other day. This uncle and granduncle of the surviving Astors lives quietly in a small village in Columbia County, N. Y., and married the daughter of a farmer in the vicinity, and is perfectly serene and happy, and has never envied his relatives their gay and exciting life. He has outlived his brothers, and is perfectly contented, free from scandals, divorces, duels, sensations and family feuds.

Lord Marcus Beresford is the most horsey man of the British peerage, and was for many years the official starter of the Jockey Club. For a long time his household in London was presided over by the once lovely Mrs. Charley Buller. Buller tried in vain to get a divorce from her; but inasmuch as it was shown in court that he had repeatedly condoned the offence, and even gone so far as to attend, as a guest, dinners given by his wife and Lord Marcus Beresford at the house in which the latter two presided, both judge and jury declined to grant him the matrimonial freedom which he sought.

Zola is reported to be almost as great a lover of curios as is Alexandre Dumas, who once told an American correspondent that if he were not an author he would be a dealer in bric-a-brac. The home in Paris and the country seat at Medan of the author of Nana, are filled with artistic treasures, and he spends much of his spare time in auction rooms. The novelist's books in their completed form never satisfy him. "I execrate them after they are published," he said recently, "because I feel how much I have left unsaid, how far short I have fallen of my ideal." Similarly, James Russell Lowell once said, when he had finished a particularly brilliant after dinner speech, that he thought of his brightest anecdotes after he had left the table. Zola passes only three hours, and those in the morning, at his desk. The remainder of the day he spends out of doors or in other relaxation.

Charles Dickens and Little Nell.
(Photographed from the statue by Elwell, the American sculptor.)

Dickens.

I DO not think that I have ever enjoyed reading a book so much as I have enjoyed during the past month the reading of The Life of Charles Dickens by Forster, his faithful biographer. It is written in three volumes and the exceedingly clever way in which the incidents of his life are placed before one, the gradual leading up from the dingiest, gloomiest, trialful boyhood, to the glorious, sun-glinted manhood is remarkably well told and gives the readers an interest in every book he has written that they could not otherwise have.

His rise from poverty, ignorance, association with vice and crime in his home in the Marshelsea prison, to comparative affluence, knowledge (instinctive and attained by his own unaided exertions) to a pleasant, bright, cheerful home, both for himself and his parents, is well worth the time one spends in following it. He could not so well have understood the wants and pleasures of the poor only that he had experienced them himself.

He could not so sympathize with their suffering, save that he himself had suffered in like manner. He was a writer with a direct gift from God to be a comfort and a blessing to the poor.

M. Taine says that "People are so tired of the things which surround them that they cease to notice them, but when Dickens made them interesting then people were enchanted. Surely, then, he is the writer above all others one should study. We have to live amidst common surroundings: if anyone can make them charming, then that person surely is the benefactor of mankind. He will give contentment and satisfaction in that state of life wherein we are placed. Would not this make the chief charm of life? To be satisfied and contented when we had done our best, despite the fact that perfection had not been attained. Socrates searched for the true good for mankind. Surely this is the secret of it, and Dickens has found it.

Half mankind do not know the pleasure of living because they are always looking at the unattainable luxuries, thus missing the pleasant little details which would make life not only bearable but exceedingly more livable.

ADELE.

Aunt Phemie and the Bell Skirt.

CINDY bought herself a new dress last Saturday in Murray's. She gave a dollar and a quarter a yard for it, and by the time she had all the trimmings for it, and all the little fixings dressmakers want nowadays, she had spent well-nigh twenty dollars. Seeing she had called for me with the carriage, and had taken me for a beautiful drive before she started shopping, I could not very well complain, especially as I am only her aunt by marriage. But even so, I couldn't see that she had any right spending Will's—as she calls him—money, though when he was on the farm at home he just got William James. I couldn't keep it out of my looks that I wasn't pleased with her choice of a garment. The color wasn't the least mite serviceable and there was an awful

HOW ANGELS GOT RELIGION

By George Brooke in The Californian.

"Never heard how we got religion to Angels, stranger? I thought, uv course, everybody'd heard that yarn. Yell yer! Why, sure; but let's ticker again and I'll reminisce.

"Yer see 'twas afore Angels got to be such a big camp as 'twas later on, but it was a rich camp and a mighty wicked one. There were lots uv chaps there who'd jest as soon die in their boots as eat; and every other house was a dance-house or a saloon or a gambling-hell. Pretty Pete and his pardner Five-Ace Bob was reckoned the wickedest men in the State; and Old Bill Jones, what kept the Golden West Hotel, had a national reputation for cussin'. The idea of a parson striking the camp never was thought uv; but one day 'n' a parson jest rid up to the camp when Five-Ace came a-rennin' in 'n' sez: 'Boys, I'll be ——, but there's an ornery cuss uv a parson jest rid up to Jones'. He's got a pardner with him, and he 'lows he's goin' to convert the camp.' 'The ——he is,' sez Pete. 'I'll finish the deal and go down and see about that.'

"So we all walked down to Jones', and thar, sure 'nuff, in the bar, talking with Old Bill, was the parson, black coat and white tie 'n' all. He was a big, squar'-shouldered chap with a black beard, and keen gray eyes that looked right through yer. His pardner was only a boy of twenty or so, with yeller, curly hair, pink and white gal's face, and big blue eyes. We all walked in, 'n' Pete he stands to the bar 'n' shouts fer all hands fer drink; 'n' to our surprise the parson 'n' the kid both stepped up and called for red licker 'n' drank it. After the drink was finished the parson sez: 'Gents, as yer see, I'm a minister of the gospel; but I see yer hev a mighty fine camp, 'n' sez I'd be no harm in any man drinking ex long ex he ain't no drunkard. I drank jest now because I want you to see that I am not ashamed to do before yer face what I'd do behind yer back.' 'Right yer are, parson,' sez Pete; 'put it thar;' 'n' they shook hands, and then Pete he up and called off the hull gang—Five-Ace 'n' Lucky Barnes 'n' Dirty Smith 'n' one 'n' all the rest uv 'em. The parson shook hands with all uv us, and sed he was goin' to have a meetin' in Shifty Sal's dance-house that night, ex 'twas the biggest room in the camp, 'n' sez us all to come, 'n' we sed we would.

"When we got outside Pete sez: 'Boys, you mind me, that devil dodger'll capture the camp;' 'n' he did. That night we all went down to Shifty's, and found the parson and the kid on the platform where the fiddlers used to sit; and every man in camp was there in the audience. The parson spoke first. He sed: 'Gents, I want ter tell yer first off, I don't want any uv yer dust. I've got enuff fer myself and my young friend, 'n' I'm not here to preach against any man's way o' makin' a livin'. I will preach ag'in drunkenness, and I shall spend my privately ag'in the gamblers; but I want to keep you men in mind uv your homes 'n' yer mothers 'n' yer wives 'n' yer sweethearts, and get yer to lead cleaner lives, so when yer meet 'em ag'in yer will not hev to be 'shamed; and then he sed we'd hev a song, 'n' the youngster he started in 'n' played a concertina, 'n' sang: 'Yes, We Will Gather at the River;' 'n' there wusn't one uv us that it didn't remind uv how our mother usit to dress us up Sundays 'n' send us to Sunday-school, and stand at the door to watch us down street, and call us back to set if we were sure we had our clean pocket handkerchiefs; 'n' I tell yer, mister, there wasn't a man with dry eyes in the crowd when he'd finished. That young feller had a vice like a angel. Pete he sed it was a tenor vice, but Five-Ace offered to bet him a hundred to fifty it wuz more like a fifteener or a twenty. Pete told Five-Ace he wus a —— old fool 'n' didn't know what he wus talkin' about.

"Well, things run along for about a week, 'n' one day Pete come to me and sez: 'Look here, Halsey, this yere camp isn't no place ter preachin' n' tryin' ter save a couple uv old whiskey-soaked souls like yourn and Bill Jones', which ain't wuth powder to blow em to ——; 'n' you'd jet him go on doin' it in that old shack of Sal's 'n' never make a move. Now, I'm goin' to rustle round 'n' dig up dust enuff from the boys, and we'll just build him a meetin'-house as will be a credit to the camp;' 'n' in a few days the boys had a good log meetin' house built, floored, 'n' benches in it, 'n' everythin'.

"The parson was tickled most to death. Next they built him a house 'n' he 'n' his pardner moved into it. Then Pete said the hull must go; sed it wus a dead, rank, snide game to work on the parson ter hev to go down street 'n' be gayed by them hussies ('n' they did guy him awful sometimes too; so the gals they went. Then Pete sed the church had to be properly organized; hed to hev deacons 'n' elders 'n' sextons 'n' sentons 'n' things; so old Bill Jones 'n' Alabam 'n' me wus made deacons, 'n' Pete 'n' Five-Ace wus church wardens.

"In a month every last man in camp wuz worryin' 'bout his future state. Old Bill Jones came into meetin' one night with his face 'n' hands washed 'n' an old black suit on, 'n' sot down on the anxious bench and set to be prayed for. The parson knelt down 'n' put his arm round him, 'n' how he did pray! Before he got through, Lucky Barnes, Alabam, 'n' me wus on the bench too, 'n' Pete shoved his Chinaman up the aisle by the collar 'n' sot him down 'longside o' me. Pete said he was a high-toned Christian gentleman himself, had been born 'n' raised a Christian 'n' wus a senior church warden to boot, and that he'd make a Christian of Ah Foo or spoil a Chinaman.

"That parson prayed most powerful that night. As a off-hand, rough 'n' tumble, free 'n' easy prayer, I never saw his beat; he had the whole audience in tears, 'n' you might hev heard Pete's amens 'n' glory halleluyers off to Hufer's Flat. Old Jones wuz a-rolling around on the floor 'n' hollering for to be saved from the Devil before the parson were half finished, 'n' he made so much noise that Pete hed to fire a bucket uv water over 'n' in to quiet him down. That meetin' wuz so plum full uv the spirit (ex the parson called it) that it never broke up till 12 o'clock, 'n' wouldn't hev broke up then if Pete sed he'd hev to quit, ex his shift to deal faro began at 12.

"There wuz over twenty perfesses that night, not counin' Pete's Chinaman, 'n' next Sunday we hed a big baptism in the crick, 'n' forty uv us wus put through. Pete sed he reckoned Ah Foo hed better be put through arter dark, fer a week or so, sence he'd always bin a dod-gasted heathen, but the parson 'lowed one't wus enuff, but he gin' him an extra dip jest fer luck; 'n' I never see a more ornery lookin' cuss in my life than that Chinese were when he came out.

The Chinese laundrymen were sot to line the church, but they wouldn't savey 'n' so Pete 'n' Five-Ace, Old Bill 'n' me 'n' Alabam we waited on 'em 'n' told 'em to git, 'n' took 'em down to the crick 'n' baptized 'em jest fer luck. Pete said if they stayed Ah Foo 'nd git to backsliddin' fust thing he knowed, 'n' then where'd his reputation be!

"Wal, stranger, things run along nice 'n' smooth for a couple of months er so till Chris'mas come nigh. The boys hed been a-keepin' mighty straight; there wasn't a man in camp that drunked more'n wux bullsome fer him; there hedn't bin a shootin' scrape fer weeks. Pete said things wus gittin' so dull fired ca'n 'n' peaceful that he wouldn't be at all surprised to git up sum fine day 'n' find Ah Foo with wings 'n' feathers on his legs like a Brahmah hen. Nary a man packed a gun, 'n' when a gent 'ud forgit 'n' drop a cuss word he'd beg parding. The parson was thick with all the boys. He writ letters for us, advised us about all our binnus, 'n' knew all about everybody's affairs. Lots uv 'em gave him their dust-sack to keep fer 'em, 'n' he knowed where every man hed his cached.

"Along jest afore Chris'mas cum, Pete called a meetin' uv the deacons 'n' church wardens down to his place, 'n' after the sexton (Ah Foo) hed brought in a round of drinks he said: 'Gents, ez chairman *exofficer* in this layout, I move that we give the parson a little present fer Chris'mas. Yer know he won't take a durn cent from us, 'n' never has. Uv course he has taken a few thousand from Jones, but he sed to ordinary 'n' things uv that kind, but not a red for hisself or pard; 'n' I move that we make him a little present on Chris'mas day, 'n.' It needn't be so very little, either. Gents in favor 'll say so, and gents wot ain't kin keep mum. Carried, 'n' that settles it. Five-Ace 'n me'll take in contributions, 'n' we won't take any less than fifty cases.'

"That wuz two days afore Chris'mas day, 'n' when it cum Pete 'n' Five-Ace had about five thousand in dust 'n' nuggets fer the parson's present. Pete assessed Ah Foo a month's pay, 'n' he kicked hard accordin', but 'twer'n't no use.

"The day wuz bright 'n' clear, 'n' at leven o'clock every man in camp wus at meetin'. The little buildin' looked mighty tasty—all fixed off with pine tassels 'n' red berries we'd got in the woods, 'n' every man was dressed out in his best duds. At leven exact the parson 'n the kid, who hed bin standin' at the door shakin' hands 'n' wishin' everybody what cum in merry Chris'mas, cum in 'n' took their seats on the platform. Pete 'n Five-Ace 'n' Bill Jones 'n' Alabam 'n' me sot on a bench jest in front of the platform.

We wus all togged out in our best fixin's, 'n' Pete 'n' Five-Ace they sported dimons till yer couldn't rest. Wasl, ez usual, the perceedin's opened up with er prayer from the parson; 'n' then we hed singin', 'n' it seemed ter me ez if I never hed heerd sich singin' in my life afore ex that kid let out o' him that day.

"Then the parson he started in ter jaw, 'n' I must allow he giv' us a great discourse. I never see him so long-winded afore, tho', 'n' Pete was beginnin' to get mighty restless 'n' oneasy, when all uv a suddint we heerd the door open 'n shet quick 'n' sharp, 'n' every one turned round to find a great big black-bearded cuss at the door a coverin' the hull gang uv us with a double-bar'led shot gun, 'n' jest a standin' thar cool 'n' silent. 'Face round here, yer ——fools,' yelled somebody in a sharp, quick, binnus meanin' vice, 'n' all hands faced round to find the parson holdin' 'em up with another shotgun—own brother to the one the other cuss hed. 'I don't want a word out er yer,' he sed. 'Yer see my game now, don't yer? That air's a gun in the house 'cept the ones you see, 'n' if any gent makes any row in this yer meetin' I'll fill his hide so plum full o' holes 'n won't hold his bones. The kid will now take up the collection, 'n' ex it's the first one we ever hev taken up yer must make it a liber' one, see!' The kid started out with a gunnysack, 'n' went through the very last man in the crowd. He took everything, even to the rings on our fingers. The parson hed the drop, 'n' we knew it 'n' never kicked, but jest giv' up our stuff like lambs.

"After the kid hed finished, he took the sack outside, 'n' that's the last we ever seed o' him. Then the parson he sez: 'N' now, gents, I must say adoo, ex I must be a-travelin', for I hev another meetin' to attend to this eve. I want to say, tho', afore I go, that you've the ornerist gang of —— fools I ever played for suckers. A few friends uv mine hev taken the liberty, while yer've been a-meetin' this blessed Chris'mas day, uv goin' through yer cabins 'n' diggin' up yer little caches uv dust 'n other valables. Yer stock has all been stampeded, 'n' yer gain yer'll find somewhar at the bottom of the crick. My friend at the door will hold yer level while I walk out, 'n' we will then keep yer quiet for a few minutes longer through ther winder jest so 's we can git a nice cumf'table start;' 'n' so they did. What c'ud we do? The parson walked out, grinning all over himself, 'n' no 'n' his pals they nailed up the door 'n' winders (thar wus only two). 'N very soon after they hed finished we heerd the clatter o' huffs 'n' knowed they wuz gone.

"I must draw a veil over the rest uv thet day's perceedin's, stranger. The langwidge used by ther boys wuz too awful to repeat; but 'twas jest ez this parson sed, when we got out o' thet meetin'-house we found every animal on the location gone, 'n' the only arms left wux knives 'n' clubs; yet we'd have gone after 'em with nothin' but our hands, but we couldn't follow afoot. How much did they get? I don't rightly know, but not fur from fifty thousand. The hull camp wuz stone-broke, all except Ah Foo, 'n' he wuz the only one uv us as hed sense enuff not to tell thet durned parson whar he cached his stuff. Pete 'n' Five-Ace wus so overlastin' hurt at the hull binnus that they shut up the 'Bird o' Prey,' borrowed Ah Foo's sack 'n' left for the Bay to try 'n' find thet parson; but they never did find him, 'n' no one ever heard uv him again."

To the Poorhouse.

The county house wagon drew up at the old farm house door in the early morning light and the poor overseer got out and knocked at the door with the butt end of his whip.

"Hey," quavered a thin voice within, "who's there?"

"We've come for ye', mother," said the overseer.

"Who calls me 'mother,'" asked the tremulous voice, and then the door was opened by a shaky hand, and an old woman, wrapped in a shawl and hood, stood in the doorway.

"I 'member," she said slowly, nodding toward the wagon, "it's the selectmen, eh! I s'pose they know best, but if Jim knew—it—Jim knew—that his poor mother was goin' to the poorhouse it 'ud break his heart."

"Ar' ye ready, mother?" asked the man gently.

"Yes, I be. I ain't slept sence I heerd ye were comin' for me. It's all right, an' I don't blame ye, but it's hard to hev worked all yer life an' raised a family, an' then die in the poorhouse. It'll a-most kill Jim when he knows."

The man on the doorstep coughed and turned away, pretending to examine the wistaria vine that bloomed over the door. Not for worlds would he have told her that he was only carrying out Jim's orders against the time he should bring his wife to the old farmhouse.

She came out, slowly looking with vague wondering eyes at all she was leaving; the trees she and Harvey—that was her husband—had planted when they were young, at the bed of cinnamon pinks and the lilac bushes at the gate. She stopped and gathered some of the fragrant southern wood—"old man," they called it—and then she looked up at the window of one room—bridehood, wifehood, motherhood, angelhood, that meant to her. Little Carrie had died there, Harvey had looked his last in the heaven of her eyes there. That was nigh on to forty years ago. Why, where was God this fair summer morning that He had forgotten her, and let her go to the poorhouse?

"Hurry up, mother," said the man gently, "we're to call for another paup—passenger a bit farther down the road. Tain't much you've a-leaving"—with a short laugh. He was trying to make the best of it for her.

He helped her into the wagon, and in the golden light of another new day they moved on, jogging along the country road, sweet with the scented life of nature, until they reached the stile that led into the old graveyard where the sentinel stones shone among the trees in their strange dumb whiteness.

"Oh, if you didn't mind—if I just could say a word to Harvey—it would help me so much, an' I wouldn't be long—I wouldn't keep you waitin'."

"All right, mother." The overseer jumped out and helped her to the ground. "Don't be long, there's a good soul," and he lit his pipe and talked to the driver, apologizing for his weakness.

"Tain't like as if she were a common pauper," he said; "there are folks here as remember when she was the belle of the county, and they do say it is this son Jim that has run through with the property an' is gettin' her out of the way so he won't have to pay for her keep. I wouldn't tell her for a house and lot."

"She wouldn't believe yer if yer did," said the driver sententiously, "but she's takin' her time in yonder."

"No, it was not time she was taking, but eternity. When the overseer went to look for her, she lay with her withered cheek pressed to the moss-grown stone that bore the name of her husband, and a smile that seemed to be a reflected glory from Paradise lit up her peaceful face. It had come to her in one brief moment, the assurance that she would not go to the poorhouse, and then—she had gone home.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Timothy Blujeens (examining obelisk)—Wasl, ef all o' them dashes stands for cuss-words them Egypt'ns wuz terrors, b'gosh!

The First Step

One afternoon, about two months ago, Prospect Hytes was walking down Wall street in the direction of the Brooklyn Ferry, when he met his friend and neighbor, Parker Fronter, at the corner of Beaver.

"How do you do, Fronter!" he said; "going home now!"

"Yes; by way of Fulton market," answered Fronter; "I'm going to take a shad home to my wife. Come with me, won't you!"

"Do you do the marketing!" asked Prospect Hytes, with an amused smile. "Thank heaven! That is something I have never been drawn into. Don't mind going with you, though."

When they reached the market, Prospect Hytes' eye was caught by the silvery piles of fish invitingly laid out on the fish dealer's tables. All at once it struck him he must have a shad, too. He could not neglect such a golden opportunity to surprise and delight his wife.

Never before had he brought home anything more substantial than a box of early strawberries or a bunch of roses; but he saw Parkely Fronter's parcel was so neatly wrapped as to disguise its contents, so he gave his order, and in a few minutes received a precisely similar package.

This was "the first downward step."

Mrs. Hytes was effectually surprised and delighted, especially when she learned that the shad had cost only thirty-five cents.

"Why, that fishman of ours is a perfect swindler!" she exclaimed, in an outburst of indignation. "He wanted dirty cents for his shad to-day. Isn't it outrageous?"

Prospect felt a glow of satisfaction at having circumvented the other monopolist's steal over him. He did not see the course of the stream of tendency upon which he was thoughtlessly drifting. The Roar of the Rapids had not yet sounded in his ears.

The next week his wife asked him to "bring home another shad!"

She also asked him to inquire the price of codfish cakes and smelts, and the quotations he obtained on these piscatorial products fairly took Mrs. Hytes' breath away and boded ill for the local dealer.

After that, Prospect's progress along the downward way was easy.

Now he always comes home via Fulton market.

From being originally a specialist in fish, he has boldly branched out into steaks, chickens, spare-ribs, cheese, calf's liver and other delicacies of the season.

His bundles are daily growing larger in size.

Who can doubt that a huge and unwieldy market basket will be his eventual fate? Truly, it is the first step that counts!—*Harry Romaine in Puck.*

The *Lancet*, writing of Godes-berger mineral water, says: "A natural, sparkling table water, peculiarly soft to the palate and free from organic matter. On account of its softness to the palate Godes-berger water makes an excellent drink with milk, while being free from iron, it mixes well with spirits.

A Fatal Malady.

Daly Ryder (to fellow passenger)—We have a new conductor. What's he gone wrong with the other?

Morrison Essex—Carried off by "spotted" fever.

Misses E. & H. Johnson, 122 King street west, are now displaying their spring show of novelties in dress goods and millinery. An elegant and varied assortment to select from. Perfection of taste, style and fit. Ladies are respectfully invited to inspect our styles and material.

The Voice of Dull Business.

Baboony—Hello, Looney! What are you doing now!

Looney—Traveling for a jewelry house.

Baboony—Ah! selling goods, eh!

Looney—No-no—just traveling.

"Nada, the Lily" is now running serially in the *Illustrated London News*. The Canadian edition is finely illustrated with twenty-five full page engravings, and will be the book of the year. Price—Paper, 50c.; cloth, gilt, $1. For sale at all bookstores. Published by the National Publishing Company, Toronto.

The Difference.

Mrs. Spinks—Is your friend Finks a married man!

Mr. Spinks—I guess so. He fastens his suspenders with a hairpin instead of a nail.

C. E. International Convention at New York in July.

At a meeting of the executive committee held in Toronto last Friday Dr. Dickson and Aid. Morris reported that they had visited New York in the interest of the Ontario contingent of Christian Endeavor who may go to the convention July 7 and 10, and that they had learned that accommodation could be had in boarding-houses at from $5 to $8 a week, and this must be for a whole week. Rooms in hotels may be had at 50c., 75c. and $1 a day; hotel changes in full, $2.50 a day. Mr. Morris purposes going to New York on July 4 and 5 to make final arrangements for as many as intimate to him early their intention of going. The fare to New York and back will be single over Canadian and American lines. The Erie line will be the official road. Arrangements will be made for cars at points where fifty or sixty may gather, and if sixty go from Galt a special car will be provided through to New York. The cost of the trip in that case will be about $10.

Canny Yorkshire.

It was a third-class carriage on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway. The talk all the way had been about foot-racing. One young fellow had proved so mighty a 'cut' that he could do on the cinder track that an old fellow sitting in one corner of the compartment thought he would take it out of the youngster.

"So tha con run a bit, con tha!" he said.

"Aw reckon aw con," was the reply.

"Aw'll tell thi what aw'll do wi' thi. Aw'll race thi for five pewnds if tha'll gi' me a yard start."

"Done; wheer will tha run!"

"Up a ladder!" came the answer, amidst roars of laughter."

Who, Indeed?

"Going to be married next Tuesday! I congratulate you, old boy! Who's to be best man!"

"Best man! By Jove! Me!" cried Fweddy, highly indignant.

California and Mexico.

A man going west should remember the great Wabash route is the banner line to all west and south west points, the only railroad using the palace reclining chair cars (free) from Detroit to St. Louis, Kansas City and Omaha. Finest equipped train on earth, and all cars go through the great tunnel at St. Louis. Time tables and other information from your nearest ticket agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, 26 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

His Economy.

"What has become of your new silk hat, old man!"

"I gave it to the porter of a Pullman car."

"What did you do that for!"

"It was cheaper to give it to him than have him brush it."

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SURPRISE SOAP

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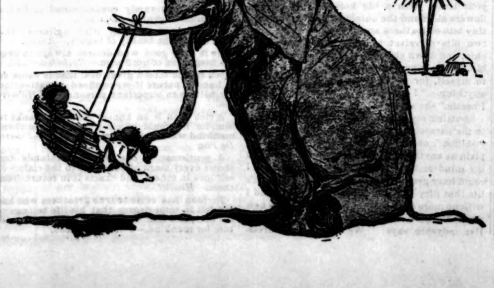

The Loss of the Paragon.

Ralph Nutford was the fifth officer on board the steamer Paragon, one of the fastest boats of the Cable Line of steamers, which sailed between New York and Seringapatam. The captain of the vessel, whose name was Clements Lane, entered heart and soul into his profession, and thought there was nothing like it. His fifth officer, however, didn't much care about it; he had been, as youngest of a large family, pitchforked into the employment of the Cable Line by a rich uncle, and being young, good-looking and human, found his profession remarkably dull.

"You see," he remarked to a chance acquaintance, who had introduced himself to him as they lunched at the same table in a restaurant one day, shortly before the Paragon was to start on the homeward journey, "you see, we junior officers don't have much fun on board. The seniors, if they care about it, can get up no end of amusement with the fairer section of the passengers; but what chance has a fifth officer?"

The genial stranger was properly sympathetic, and, after making a few more inquiries concerning the arrangements and discipline on board the Paragon, he nodded "Good day" and disappeared.

On the evening before the departure of the Paragon, the new hands, who had been taken on in New York, and most of the homeward-bound passengers were on board, when a gorgeous specimen of the wealthy Yankee, accompanied by a lovely creature of some nineteen summers and an equal number of winters, came on board, and, addressing Mr. Ralph Nutford, who was standing near the gangway, asked that worthy whether he was captain of the boat. On his replying that he was the fifth officer, the Yankee remarked:

"Well, sir, I'd be obliged if you could take me to the captain, under whose charge I want to place this young lady, whom I may as well introduce to you—as you're one of the officers—right now. Miss Nellie Robertson, my niece; Mr.—Nutford—thank you—fifth officer of this vessel."

Whilst the captain was being found, Miss Nellie Robertson was doing great execution with her great soft eyes, and by the time Captain Clements Lane had duly identified the fair passenger in his list, and had undertaken to take charge of her during the voyage, the impressionable fifth officer was quite ready to put her up on a coil of rope—no pedestal being handy—and fall down and worship her. The well Yankee, with much ostentatious display of pantomime, having returned to shore, the fair Nellie was left with the captain.

Next morning they were well out at sea, when the captain's proteg'e came on deck. Gracious! how beautiful she was; and when she went up to Mr. Nutford, and, putting both her hands into his, captured his soul with a look, and requested to be shown the vessel, the fifth officer could have clasped her in his arms, and sprung overboard, like a new Chandler taking his Fallon with him. His joy, however, was short-lived, for in the midst of their progrinstions the captain met them, and, telling of Mr. Puttford to go aft and see to some duty about which there was no earthly hurry, undertook to relieve him of his duties as showman. As they came up the companion, Nellie, stumbling against Ralph, squeezed his hand. The flirtation of these two young things for the rest of the day had to be pantomimic; it was, therefore, the more unrestrained.

Ralph did not worship the sea, but he was a conscientious officer, and wouldn't let his love, which grew fiercer and fiercer, interfere with his duties. Besides, the captain took the greatest pains about his fair charge, and kept a sharp lookout upon his fifth officer, whose eloquent looks he considered to be the worst possible taste. An opportunity occurred to them, however, just before the last meal, when they met under the shelter of a friendly state room.

"I must go away," he whispered, after they had been exchanging confidences some time. "When can we meet again? I shall be on watch to-night, and shall wander up and down thinking of nothing but you. Come on deck early to-morrow, and I shall be there."

"No," said she, "let me come on deck whilst you are on watch. It will be a very dark night and I wear a dark frock will not be seen by no moon—there was none last night. Do let me come."

"Impossible, darling! No one can let you come on deck save the captain. It would be ruin to me if you came without leave. You wouldn't like that, dear, would you?"

"Oh very well." Slow nodding those lips were when they pouted. "I've no doubt the captain will let me come up during his watch, and I'll come then. How tiresome you are. I don't believe you care for me one bit. There will be no one on this deck but the two men watching with you, and they couldn't see me. I came up last night and no one saw me. Well, shall I come during your watch or the captain's?"

Nothing more was said—in words. Ralph was madly tempted as he went forward to dance about and shout aloud. It was a pitch-dark night, though the air was clear of fog. The lovers sat beneath the bridge and he told her in whispers all about himself, and how fatal it would be if it were discovered that he had yielded to her prayer and let her come to him on deck. But what did it matter whilst her soft, smooth fingers twined and knotted themselves in his, and her glossy head, nestling near was the only thing between her cheek and his shoulder?

Suddenly there was a great jar and a dull, crashing report. Nellie crouched in the shadow as Nutford sprang to his feet and learnt from the men on watch that the Paragon had been run into. In a moment all was confusion. The captain, cool as if he had been taking his seat at dinner, came on deck, and said, in a loud, calm voice, to the terrified passengers:

"We have been run into, and the Paragon is sinking. There is no danger to us personally. The sea is calm, and the boats are in perfect order and preparation for such an accident. In an hour we shall be on board the ship that has run us down, which is waiting for us close by."

Then, under his calm and careful orders, the passengers embarked in the Paragon's boats, and in a very short time the little flotilla was pulling away from the disappearing liner. But the ship that had sunk them was nowhere to be found. Favored by the darkness, she had got away without stopping to learn what had become of the Paragon and her living freight. Nellie and Ralph Nutford were together in one of the boats. No inquiry had yet been made into the disaster, but the two men on watch, who were in the same boat with them, said they had suddenly seen the lights of a steamer close to them, and as they sprang forward to hail her and give the alarm she had struck them, and when they had recovered from their momentary consternation she had disappeared.

"You hear," said Nellie to the terror-stricken officer, whose side she had never left, "they didn't see her till she struck us. You must support their statement, or you are a ruined man. Your certificate will be canceled, and, O, Ralph, if the truth should be known, I am ever of my everlasting shame! For my sake, if you love me, save my good name and yours, and back up their story. You see they are both agreed, and you were further from where she struck than they were."

The men repeated their story again and again. Morning broke, and before anyone had had time to suffer much, a passing steamer, bound on the same journey, picked up the whole company. The captain interrogated the men on watch and Mr. Nutford as closely as possible. There was no doubt about the facts. The Paragon had been run down by a mysterious vessel, the name of which no one had observed, and which had taken advantage of the darkness to desert the ship she had run into.

The home voyage was satisfactorily accomplished, and Ralph and Nellie, the former no longer hampered by the duties of navigation, had ample opportunity of carrying on their love affair, which had been accompanied by such an overwhelming catastrophe. Nutford easily succumbed to Nellie's soft casualtery, for to own his neglect of duty would be ruin to his career and hers, and would render their marriage, which was to him a foregone conclusion, an absolute impossibility.

A minute inquiry was naturally held at Seringapatam, at the conclusion of which it was decided—and this was the official hypothesis—that there was some mystery somewhere, and a good deal more in the circumstances of the collision than met the eye or ear; but there was no direct evidence reflecting upon the conduct of the fifth officer, and, coming from the inquiry a man about whom nothing definite is said, but a good deal is implied, and in this unenviable state of mind he found waiting for him Nellie, his affianced bride, and a blue envelope.

The letter was from a firm of solicitors, announcing that his old uncle had died, leaving him his sole heir.

"Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed. "Poor old gentleman, he has done me a good turn at the moment I required it most. To-morrow I throw up this profession, which, if I cared little about before, I loathe now. This day three weeks, darling, we will be married, and then we'll go abroad for six months. Does this suit your views?"

The answer of the young person addressed has not been recorded; it is sufficient for us to know that two months later, Nellie—Mrs. Ralph Nutford—was installed in an exquisite little apartment looking out upon the Champs Elysees, and her husband, who had been down to the Riviera to look out for a permanent habitation for himself and his bride, was hastening back to her in a first-class carriage on the Paris-Marseilles railway.

In the corner opposite to him sat an American, who, with the affability of that free-and-easy race, had entered into conversation with him, and the conversation had turned upon the shipping at Marseilles.

"You seem to know a thing or two about boats, stranger," observed the American.

"Well, I ought to, seeing that I was connected with an American line for some years."

"You were! Then you must have come across some funny yarns in connection with those same steamers. Why, bless you! I could tell you a story—but, there, it wouldn't interest you, perhaps."

"On the contrary," replied Mr. Nutford, "I should very much like to hear some of your experiences. We have the end of a long journey before us."

"Oh, they are not my experiences; but a friend of mine from Chicago told me a rum story about the Cable Line a few days ago. Remember the Paragon? Went down mysteriously, beginning of the year. Yes, you know. I'll tell you a story about that, if you like: shall I? Very well; we've got time for it. It happened like this: but you must promise on your British honor never to let this go any further."

"All right."

"Colonel Jedediah Spinks got planted last fall with a huge consignment of hides; got 'em as his share of a steal, or something of that kind, and all his pals laughed at him, because they said even he couldn't get a profit out of 'em. So what d'ye think he does? Ships 'em all aboard the Paragon as cargo, declares 'em as Indian bullion embroideries, and insures them against all risks at $500,000.

"He spotted the Paragon because there was a young fool of a fifth officer on board named Mudford, or Redford, or something like that, who was just the kind of soft he wanted, and he had him sounded, to make sure, one day by a friend, who went and sat with him, and entered into conversation—just as you and I do, stranger. And it turned out the colonel got a girl, lovely and without relations, with plenty of cheek and pluck and beauty, but down on her luck and hard up for cash and excitement, and sent her on board as his 'niece, making the voyage to Seringapatam under the care of the captain!'

"She made love to the young spark, playing the captain off against him, and got him to herself on deck one dark night when there was no one else on deck but two men set on as part of the extra crew by the colonel himself, and instructed by him. Whilst she flirted and coo'ed with her young Werther on bridge, these two men let down over the side a dynamite machine and blew the blessed old boat to pieces, and then cockered up a yarn about a mysterious vessel that had come upon them suddenly, run them down, and got clear away! I knew you'd laugh.

"This young fool, in no end of a funk about his certificate, supports their yarn, and, of course, never says a word about the girl. They come over; the loss is proved *bona fide* accidental, and Colonel Jedediah nets £100,000 sterling clear profit bang out of the insurance offices. But wait a minute. The end's the tragic part of it. That beautiful girl, with her marvelous talents, that would make her an empress if she wanted to be one, goes and falls in love—the real thing—with the man, and won't touch a penny of the share of the plunder. Waste of genius, I call it. But all women are crazy. Well, the end is, they married him! What d'ye think of that for a yarn?"

"Most startling and amusing. But here is Paris. Thank you so much for your delightful company. Your story has, indeed, interested me greatly."—*Pit-Bits.*

The Only Way to Prevent it.

Bagley—Does your wife always have the last word?

Bailey—No; not always.

Bagley—How do you manage it?

Bailey—Easily enough. I'm not married.

Appropriate Music.

Bandmaster—But how can I play a wedding march? I have nothing here but military music.

Manager—Oh, give 'em the double quick—that's good enough.

The Ins and Outs of It.

Caller—Is your mistress in?

Servant—No, ma'am.

Caller—When will she be in?

Servant—I couldn't say, ma'am; I don't know when she is going out.

Their Weakness.

"Your next door neighbors appear to be very quiet people."

"Yes, the walls are very thin, and I suppose they mean things keep quiet to hear what we say."

A Failure.

"I thought you were going to make a fortune out of the manufacture of India rubber cigarette holders!"

"Didn't work at all. Fellows would smoke the holder right up before they noticed the difference."

Fertile in Resource.

"See here, Mr. Blinks, I thought you said you had been duck shooting."

"Yes, my dear, I did—hic—hic—shooting."

"But these ducks you brought home are tame ducks."

"Yes, my dear, I tamed them after I—hic—shot them."

A Late Repentance.

Spiritual Adviser—You say you have a dreadful load on your conscience—my poor friend, I trust you have not committed crime.

Sick Man—Not exactly; but for years I have been writing the Hints On Home Decoration for the household departments of the Sunday papers.

He—Are you happy, now that you're married?
She—Comparatively.
He—Compared with whom?
She—Compared with my husband.—*Life.*

Rules for Collegians About to be Graduated

Have your photograph taken.

Have it taken as a member, or, if possible, the president of seventeen college societies. College groups always look interesting when framed in gilt, and they will give a scholastic air to your mother's front parlor.

Never play, except with a reasonable limit, and always bear in mind that a bobtail flush doesn't beat three of a kind, except when you are playing with foreigners.

Never work; but when it is near examination time cram.

When cramming classics, be sure that the translations you use are the same as those used by the professors. Bohn's classics are very popular.

In studying Greek grammar, it is unnecessary to pay attention to anything but the second aorist. You will find the following rule in regard to it very serviceable. All short, stumpy verbs ending in a long "e" are second aorists.

However much you may be urged to do it, do not sign a contract to become the president of a railroad or any other great business concern before you are graduated. It is better to wait until you have obtained your degree, and then go look around.

Do not make up your mind to take a post-graduate course in Germany. There are plenty of good finishing clubs in New York, and any barber will hack your face for you.

Have your photograph taken again.

Get your hat blocked.

Paste this in it.—*P. McArthur in Puck.*

Irish Information.

McTurk (anxious to catch the seven o'clock boat)—Good morning, Mrs. Murphy. Could yez tell me the iggzact tolme?

Mrs. Murphy (promptly)—I could, that. It's tin minutes to alvin.

McTurk (uneasily)—Is it that much?

Mrs. Murphy—Ut-e-r, I should say twinty minutes to alvin.

McTurk (relieved)—Oh!

Mrs. Murphy (on reflection)—Och, phwat am I talking about? Twinty minutes pasht alvin, I mane.

McTurk (in consternation)—What!

Mrs. Murphy (reassuringly)—Well, it' alther twinty minutes to alvin or twinty minutes pasht alvin, I don't know which—for me clock's not goin'.

The Other Extreme.

"Pembroke seems to me a singularly empty young man."

"You wrong him. He is always full."

Unmerited Reproof.

The Rector—My dear young lady, I hope I am mistaken, but I thought I saw you talking during the sermon yesterday.

Stray Lamb—You certainly are mistaken, Doctor. Why, I never talk in my sleep!

He Didn't Forget.

The train had been wrecked far from a station and the poor fireman had lost both his legs and arms, but he was still conscious. The kindly people were discussing the best plan of removing him when he opened his eyes and looked at them questioningly.

"What is it?" asked the conductor gently, bending over him.

"Is the baggage-master all right?" he inquired.

"Bruised some, but not badly hurt," was the reply.

"Well, suppose you get him to check my trunk to the next town," and he closed his eyes again with a faint smile brightening up his face.

All Up.

Mrs. Claptrap—My dear Miss Palisade, I want to present Professor Panhandle. The professor has some very absorbing theories that he wishes to explode, and I am sure you will be only too delighted to listen.

Miss Palisade (the belle of a season, with rivals)—My dear Mrs. Claptrap, I am delighted to meet so charming a scholar as the professor, and I shall take him over and introduce him to your daughters at once.

Founded on Experience.

"Bishop," said a young Methodist preacher to his spiritual superior; "won't you give me some advice how to gain and keep the love of my congregation?"

"Yes, brother," replied the divine; "when you marry, select a woman from some other congregation than your own, and be sure that she is not handsome or stylish in her dress."

Go Elsewhere.

He—I'm looking for a girl who can bake a cake, a loaf of bread, or cook a meal; one who isn't afraid to sew a button on, or soil her hands in a little housework.

She—I should strongly advise you to try an intelligence office, Mr. Closeleigh.

Weak.

Ledyard—How does Owens stand with your house?

Jolonel—He doesn't stand at all. We've been carrying him for the last three years.

Perfectly Safe.

"They say Green has been wandering in his mind lately."

"Well, he's safe enough; he can't get far."

A Good Reason.

Mrs. Grumpps—There are thousands of occupations in which men have places which women should fill. Why shouldn't women be druggists? Answer me that.

Mr. Grumpps—This cottage-pudding isn't good at all. How did you make it?

Mrs. Grumpps—I took a few handfuls of flour and some milk and a few eggs, I forgot how many, and some sugar, I think, and I believe I added some salt, and maybe some baking powder, don't know how much. I never measure.

Mr. Grumpps—That's why.

A Serious Question.

Johnny—And are the angels always well and don't get crosse at all?

Mamma—Yes, Johnny.

Johnny—An' they never fight, nor do anything wrong?

Mamma—No.

Johnny—An' they always have the same kind of weather, do they?

Mamma—Yes.

Johnny (after a moment's pause)—Then what in thunder do the mamma angels talk about when they go to call on each other?

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphologist study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing numbers and requesting a reply here. 3. Questions, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

YOUR YOUNG—You are strong-willed, independent, impatient of control, rather outspoken, not very buoyant, but original, clever and apt to succeed.

ENIGMA—Your handwriting indicates constancy, rather a large sympathy and optimistic nature are shown. I think your hand will do better in the course of time, as at present it seems crude and undeveloped.

CONCERT.—I have been favored with your writing before. If you are as big an ass as it makes you out to be I am sorry for you. Your letter of January 29th reached me on the 5th February 8. I think I killed you when I read the former. If not I cheerfully do so now.

JEM, GAH.—I don't know the old verses well enough to quote them, though I have them in some ancient poetic book. If I can find them I will give them to you. 2. Your writing is not developed enough to give individuality. I am afraid a delineation would not be very complimentary.

BEEKEEPER.—The artistic element is strongly developed, a nervous and sensitive disposition, very sympathetic, tenacious and open to influence, original and thoughtful, slightly idealistic, very warm in affection and peculiar in expression. The study is made from your note, not from your epistle.

STATIA.—Great ideality, imagination, energy and power of building castles in the air are shown in this easy writing. Self-conceit, ambition, artistic taste and love of beauty are also evident; love of fun and quickness of perception, as well as a tendency to overdo the emotions are seen. A clever, heavy and very magnetic idiosyncrasy.

DULCE DOMUM.—Well, my dear Dulce, yours is a careful and studied hand, smacking of the school room, but as you begin a whole month according to the difference between its date and that of its postmark, I cannot but admire your promptitude. In these unsteady and formal lines I cannot read much character. You are cautious, discreet and rather too fond of an easy time. I see some curiosity, a good deal of self-indulgence, rather a mixed-up kind nature, but, really, I cannot make a good study from you yet.

MIZPAH, (Feb. 8).—1. I give the date of your letter because I have one so far ahead of your date of the 2nd inst. 2. I don't think you are shrewd, but it is very evident you have a keen perception of the beautiful, artistic ability in your writing, and cannot recommend you to devote time to painting. 3. Your writing shows some self-will, impatience, considerable conceit, great tenderness, beauty, distinctive judgment, but great goodness of heart and a nature which with proper self-control and discipline ought to develop into something extra.

INDIGO.—1. When a girl is engaged she should consider the feelings of her *fiance*. If he does not like her to receive attentions of the sort you mention, from other men, she should try and live without them, consoling herself with the thought that the contesting lover often develops into the careless husband, and she may some day have lots of attention and not come her other half the least chagrin. 2. Judging by your writing your lover can trust you, as your affection is true and constant, honesty good and self-reliance marked, with great prudence, energetic, impulsive, decisive judgment, but great goodness of heart and a nature which with proper self-control and discipline ought to develop into something extra.

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JOE.—1. I think you got the Madeira mixed. Madge Morton, now Mrs. Atkinson, is of the *Globe*. Madge Robertson either the former celebrity, or the latter has written for the *Globe* also, but her editorial address is as I have said. They are, as you will perceive, both women and clever one, too. 2. What can you think of a man who is refusing to give an immediate reply to my correspondent, Mr. Blinks? Rather on the hot side, by such unreasonableness makes us cross. Don't you worry about the personality of the correspondence editor. It's all right and quite in accordance with your writing. The writing shows ambition, hope, energy, a queer mixture of caution and boldness, the former predominating, extreme generosity, ability, carelessness of detail, idiosyncrasy, rather a volatile temperament, self-willed but amiable.

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CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE makes a delicious Cooling Beverage, especially Cleanses the throat, preventing disease, Gives Health, Strength and Vigour, and is a quick relief for Biliousness, Sea-Sickness, etc.

BY ALL CHEMISTS

A LITTLE GIRL'S DANGER.

Mr. Henry Macombe, Leyland St., Blackburn, London, Eng., states that his little girl fell and struck her knee against a curbstone. The knee began to swell, became very painful and terminated in what doctors call "white swelling." She was treated by the best medical men, but grew worse. Finally

ST. JACOBS OIL

was used. The contents of one bottle completely reduced the swelling, killed the pain and cured her. "ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

Music.

WE have been indulging in no end of musical dissipation during the last ten days, and have even had successions of double events. The first to call for notice was the annual concert by public school children, which took place on Friday night of last week, after a public rehearsal on the previous Wednesday evening. I was not able to attend either event, and consequently cannot speak of their excellence from personal knowledge. Yet all whom I have heard speak of the concerts are hearty in their praise of the fine singing of the youngsters, and of Mr. A. Thom Cringan's excellent work with them. No one who knows Mr. Cringan can doubt his desire to do the best that his material and the general means at his disposal will allow, and all who have seen him work will be ready to concede his ability to manage his young forces and to secure praiseworthy results from his efforts. The children, one thousand eight hundred in number, will probably sing at the Mutual again on Dominion Day.

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On Thursday night, June 2, the great complimentary concert to Mr. Tom Hurst came off before a large and well pleased audience. I call it a "great" concert because there was a tremendous array of performers, more than sufficient to testify to Mr. Hurst's popularity in the profession. I believe a similar greatness would have marked the audience but for the heavy rain which must have kept hundreds away. The two bands of our volunteer regiments appeared on the same platform after a lapse of two years, another tribute to an old bandsman. The Grenadiers' band played the accompaniment to Mr. Hurst's song, Johnny, I Hardly Knew You, and the veteran produced a good effect in spite of his illness, which was so serious that he fainted after his speech of thanks. Two concerted pieces on the programme met with much appreciation—The Bugle Call, sung by the Orpheus Quartette, and the Lucia Sextette, sung by Miss Gaylord, Mrs. Garratt, Mr. Gorrie, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Blight and Mr. Schuch. The instrumentalists were excellent. Mr. Boscovitz received the warmest encore of the evening for his splendid playing of Liszt's Triomphante Etude. Some people object to his lack of physical repose when he is playing, but he plays all right and we can overlook much in an artist who bestows such feeling and color on his work as does Mr. Boscovitz. Mr. George Fox was in excellent form and gave a very artistic rendering of a late addition to his repertoire, Saint-Saens Andante e Rondo Capriccioso. Two young gentlemen did excellent work in obligato, Mr. Herbert Lye with the flute, and Mr. Paul Hahn with the 'cello. Mr. Lye played the difficult florid music of Lo, Hear the Gentle Lark with precision and certainty, and Mr. Hahn showed a fine, firm tone on his instrument, with considerable artistic effect. The readings at the concert were also very good. Miss Helen May Patterson made a very favorable impression with Kit Carson's Ride, and Mr. Paul Jarvis was equally successful in his reading of Como, as was also Mr. Owen A. Smiley, who won warm recalls for his excellent reading of Gentleman Dick of the Grays.

•

This was one of the concerts where every one seemed to sing well. I have never heard Mme. D'Auria sing better than she did that evening. She gave an extremely artistic and very brilliant rendering of the Polonaise from Mignon. Mrs. A. Huycks Garratt was equally fortunate in surpassing her previous successes. She sang Alla Stella Confidente with correct intonation and taste, and with a fine fullness and roundness of tone. Miss Minnie Gaylord gave a brilliant rendering of Lo! Hear the Gentle Lark, showing an admirable combination of volume and flexibility in her voice. Miss Evelyn Severs was another who seemed to surpass her previous efforts. She gave a careful, well phrased rendition of Matter's Dear Heart, although she underwent the severe test of singing with full band accompaniment. Equal success attended Miss Bessie Bonsall's singing of Cowen's Regret. Messrs. Ramsay and Rich were, as usual, happy and gay, to the great pleasure of every one in the audience. A final word of praise is due to Mrs. Blight, Sig. D'Auria, Mrs. Ramsay and Miss Richards for the excellent accompaniments of the evening.

•

By an unfortunate circumstance, the Detroit Philharmonic Club had to compete with both the events I have mentioned, and its concerts suffered somewhat in consequence in point of attendance. This is to be regretted, as these gentlemen form one of the best chamber music organizations in North America and they deserved a better fate. Their performances in the beautiful public hall of the Education Department were most enjoyable. Their *ensemble* playing has the rare beauty of almost absolute unity of rhythm and shading, while their subservience to the solo instrument of the moment leaves nothing to be wished for. Their selections were all in the best taste and must have been a fine object lesson to the pupils of the College of Music, under whose auspices they came to Toronto. An opportunity was thus afforded by which the advanced students in this institution were enabled to participate in artistic *ensemble* playing. Vocal numbers were contributed by pupils of the college.

•

On Monday evening Mr. Edward Lloyd was heard in a programme of sacred music at the Metropolitan Methodist church. The excellent acoustics of the building no doubt offered great assistance to the well known tenor, yet his work, intrinsically considered, was much better than on either of his former visits. His voice was rich and brilliant, capable of great variety of tone color, and his vocalization was splendid. He gave a beautiful rendering, though a somewhat speedy one, of Adams' fine song, The Holy City, one redolent of feeling and sympathy; voice, intonation, method, style—in fact, everything—combined to make this rendition a continuous joy to the listener. He then sang the Cujus Animam with delightful treatment of his upper tones, and with most elegant phrasing. By the time he reached his next number, he began—if I may use the jargon of the morning papers is using in its musical notices—to get winded and to lose his staying power. Seriously, his voice betrayed him into less elegant work in The Soft Southern Breezes than he had done earlier in the evening. His singing of the recitative was delightful, but the opening of the air was badly phrased. All the fire and spirit that have made his singing of Sound an Alarm famous, were evident on Monday evening, and Mr. Lloyd sang this number gloriously. He gave us a certificate of his nationality—one which we could not but give credence to—when he sang "Sound an Halarm," and he varied it on its last repetition by singing "Sound Han Alarm!" Still, we can afford to forgive him such a detail.

•

The choir sang well. I had not heard this choir for some years and was much pleased with the quality of the voices and with their general work, though the inner parts are a trifle weak. The opening measures of From Thy Love as a Father were slightly wabbly, but the first stop restored unity; Mrs. Parker sang the solo in this number and On Mighty Pens very sweetly, but her voice is rather small for so large a space. I was much struck with Mr. Chattoe's fine voice. It has power, resonance and solidity, and I should say that this young singer has a fortune before him if he will devote time to hard study and development. He is on the threshold, and the space beyond is very much what he may choose to make it. Mr. W. E. Fairclough played two organ solos in excellent style, though the unfamiliar organ seemed to tease him a little. Mr. Torrington's accompaniments were splendidly played. The concert was opened with God Save the Queen. Why?

•

Tuesday evening brought us the *debut* of Toronto's latest musical effort, the Toronto Orchestral School. As I suggested last week, this movement is one which may be fraught with great results to the musical effort and musical doing in Toronto. The result of Tuesday's concert leaves no doubt that this movement is one of the worthiest of the musical efforts that annually appeal to our citizens. I can quite understand that someone may claim that it is *the* worthiest, and I should respect such an opinion and would not say that the man is a crank. Such a concert as this suggests two questions: first, How good is it? and, second, What does it lead to? Its excellence was simply surprising. So many young people were in the orchestra who found their first orchestra experience at its rehearsals, that one might almost say one half of the band were novices. Yet, with the assistance of older players as prompters, and to have the wind parts, a really admirable *ensemble* was presented, that was destroyed only in the loudest passages where the ordinary wind complement of an orchestra was too much for the young string players, for most of them were attached to this department. What surprised me was that the most elegantly performed numbers on the programme were two which called for delicacy and grace of detail and for which Mr. Torrington has not always been noted—planissimos. (I beg most respectfully to congratulate him upon his conversion, which I hope is a permanent one). Chase, Gillet's Loin du Bal and Lour's Pizzicato Gavotte, were beautifully played, played in a manner in every way worthy of older and more experienced musicians. The other numbers were played with care and skill, as well as with spirit and freedom. Two young soloists showed special excellence and promise, Master Bertie Plant, cornet, and Mr. Welsman, violin. Miss Maud Sauer gave a very pleasing rendition of Suppe's Leila's Song, and Mr. Chattoe sang In Old Madrid. He suffered somewhat from over-confidence in his powers, as his song was insufficiently prepared. Miss Massie played Popper's Tarantelle, rather an ambitious effort, and Miss Lina Adamson gave a highly creditable performance of Vieuxtemps' Air Varie. I was much pleased with a feature of Master Eddie Reburn's pretty singing, namely, the thoughtfulness that seemed to pervade it. So much for my first question. As to the second I shall ask you to wait until next week for my answer, as it will be too long for the space at present at my command.

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I see from occasional American papers that fall into my hands, that Mr. Herbert L. Clarke has been making a distinct success with Gilmore's Band in the recent past. It seems to have pleased the Americans just as much as ever Levy or Liberati did, a fact that will gratify his many admirers here.

•

A long-felt want is to be met by next year. Mr. W. Edgar Buck, conductor of the Toronto Vocal Society, is organizing a chorus of men's voices, to be called the Apollo Club. The only permanent organization of this kind that we have in Toronto is the University Glee Club, which is, of course, restricted in its membership to under-graduates and graduates of the University. No public society of this nature at present exists here, though several have lived and died. The music made by such societies is charming in its effects and has an infinitely varied repertoire. Mr. Buck's new venture ought to catch the public favor and become one of the features of our musical life.

METRONOME.

He Was a German.

(Translated from the German for Saturday Night by Johanna M. Forde and Harry A. Brown.)

A GERMAN artist who visited Rome during one of the exhibitions of the Academy of Arts, became acquainted with a number of fellow craftsmen, most of whom were Romans.

They prided themselves upon their ancestors who had lived two thousand years before, praised their heroes, philosophers, writers and poets, while they scoffed at the Germans who at that time were an uncivilized nation who lived in a very primitive style under the wide spreading branches of their oak trees.

Our German friend did not take much notice of their chaff, but the evening before his departure he invited all his friends, the Roman artists, to spend the evening with him.

He had decided to be revenged and had for this purpose improvised the following dialogue, which was to be acted by his servants and a degenerate Roman peddler.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A German Tourist.....1st Servant
Cicero.....2nd Servant
Roman Peddler.....By Himself

Scene—In front of a Roman hotel. Time—midnight. Present day.

Curtain—Tourist discovered pounding door; while waiting for servant to answer he sits down on a bench and attempts to read a book by the light of a hanging lamp.

Enter CICERO—who puts his hand on the German's shoulder.

GER. TOUR.—(Jumping up frightened)—Who are you?

CICERO—I am Cicero, and I have returned to see what has become of my countrymen. At my time they were a great and powerful nation and had a large number of great men to be proud of. But who are you my friend?

GER. TOUR.—I am a German.

CICERO—Oh, one of that barbarous and uncultivated nation over the mountains and across the Rhine.

GER. TOUR.—Yes, sir.

CICERO—What is that you have in your hand?

GER. TOUR.—A book.

CICERO—Ah, Liber; how nicely it is written. Who wrote that?

GER. TOUR. (laughing)—Written! No, this is printed. A printer can do more work in an hour than a writer could, at your time, in his whole life.

CICERO—Tell me, my friend, who invented this art? Was it not a Roman?

GER. TOUR.—No, it was Johann Gutenberg, a German. (The tourist takes a watch from his pocket to see the time.)

CICERO (noticing the watch)—What is that?

GER. TOUR.—A watch—a chronometer.

CICERO—Horological. At my time we only had an hour glass to measure time with. Was it not a Roman who invented this horologium?

GER. TOUR.—No, it was Peter Hoele, a German. (Tourist takes a pistol from his pocket and fires it, in the hope of waking the hotel porter.)

CICERO (terribly frightened)—Who was it that imprisoned thunder and lightning in such a small tube?

GER. TOUR.—It was a German who invented gunpowder, Berthold Schwarz.

CICERO (who has been struck with an idea and gone into ecstasies over it, soliloquizing)—Ah! Ah! If the descendants of such an uncivilized nation as the Germans have progressed so far in culture and arts, what an advancement in civilization must my countrymen have made! (To the Ger. Tour.): *Tempus fugit!* I must search for my countrymen. (Enter L. C. around corner of hotel, Roman peddler, who confronts Cicero.)

PEDDLER—Mouse traps! Mouse traps!

GER. TOUR.—This is a good specimen of your countrymen.

Cicero falls. Tableau—Peddler picking his pocket. Curtain.

• • • • • •

Long before his confused and embarrassed guests had entirely recovered from their chagrin, the through express was bearing the German artist and his servants towards their beloved fatherland.

The Stingy Druggist.

An old servant stepped in and laid on the counter a prescription for a mixture containing two decigrammes of morphia. The chemist weighed the dangerous medicant with the utmost care.

"What a shame!" then said the old woman nudging his elbow. "Don't be so near; it is for an orphan girl!"—*Le Siecle.*

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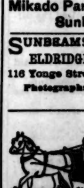

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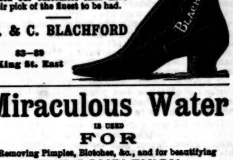

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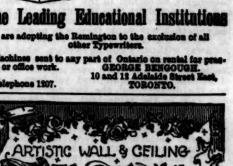

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Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

Mrs. Macdonald of St. George street gave a lovely lawn party in honor of her little daughter, from four to half-past six on Monday of this week. The children played in the grounds, flitting like fairies among the trees. Their delight was crowned with boxes of sweets to carry home.

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Rev. Charles Duff left for Montreal on Monday to attend the Congregational Union to be held in Emmanuel church.

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Mrs. Walter S. Lee returned on Monday, after visiting Winnipeg and Chicago.

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Mrs. Alex. Cameron returned on Saturday last to her handsome home on Carlton street, which, during her long absence, has been quite transformed under the supervision of Mr. Frank Darling. The decorations by Elliott & Son are principally in the French styles of the Rococo and Empire periods, and the morning room is specially beautiful as finished, in blue and gold with panelled walls.

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The Island is filling up fast. Mr. and Mrs. Pat Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ross and Mr. Fred Carmichael of the Bank of Montreal are among those who are staying at Mrs. Mead's. Mr. and Mrs. James E. Robertson are occupying their house in Center Island, and Messrs. Hugh B. McNaughton, Charles H. Riggs, Robert S. Smellie, Alfred H. Marsh, Q.C., and Norman Macrae are among the resorters thereabouts.

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Mr. Arthur Wickson, manager of the Merchants' Bank at Winnipeg, is staying in the city for a few days.

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On Wednesday morning, June 8, Mr. W. J. Heaven of Nelson, younger son of the late Rev. W. H. Heaven, vicar of Netheravon, England, was married to Bertha, youngest daughter of Mr. W. S. Broughton of 20 St. Andrew street. The bride was attended by Miss Heaven, sister of the groom, while the groom's cousin, Mr. Herbert Heaven, officiated as best man. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Canon Sweeny, D. D., rector of St. Philip's, after which breakfast was served at the residence of the bride's father. The happy couple took the two o'clock boat for Montreal and the east.

•

The young people of St. Luke's church are busy at work in arranging for a garden party on a large scale to be held on Tuesday, June 21, in the charming grounds of Barnstable, St. Joseph street, kindly lent to the church for the occasion by Mr. Clarkson Jones. This *fete* will be one of the events in the summer galeties. The grounds are to be illuminated with electric light and Chinese lanterns, and the band of the Royal Grenadiers will add to the charm of the garden *fete*. A May pole dance is being rehearsed; a Punch and Judy show and phonograph will be on the grounds. Afternoon tea will be served with strawberries, ice cream and other refreshments.

•

Miss Emily Davies of Oak Hurst, Rosedale, gave a delightful dance on Friday evening of last week. Those present were: Miss Bestwick, the Misses M. and B. Birchall, Miss Patrick, Mrs. S. Sykes, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. F. Eddis, Miss Brown, the Misses Clark, Miss B. Bruce, Miss May Hughes, Miss E. Perrin, Miss Pullin, Miss F. Smith, Miss Annie Barker, Miss Burgess, Miss Edith McDonald, Mrs. H. P. Davies, and Messrs. G. Howard, A. Sweetman, D. McDougal, F. Eddis, Bruce, Hooper, Hughes, Stovell, Strathy, P. Jarvis, H. P. Davies, S. Sykes, I. Hughes, and Fuller.

•

Fifteen of the 'Varsity class of '32 crossed the blue waters of the bay on Tuesday evening and had their first class dinner at the R. C. Y. C., Island Club House. The evening breezes from the lake were cool but a splendid fire of logs was roaring in the open fireplace. The pretty *menus* was greatly admired, and the apt quotations provoked many a smile. After an excellent dinner the list of toasts was gone through with much enthusiasm. The last one—"But soft! Methinks I scent the morning air"—was literally true by the time the gentlemen came across to the city by the Esperanza. Those present were: Messrs. H. C. Dunn, J. M. Clark, A. E. O'Mara, W. T. Evans, E. F. Gunther, Wishart, W. F. W. Creelman, J. F. Grierson, W. H. Blake, J. A. Mickle, A. MacMurchy, Revs. P. McKnight and R. Haddon, and Drs. Caven and Wishart.

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Miss Helen Merrill of Picton is in town.

The Musical Festival.

Editor of Saturday Night:

SIR,—I quite agree with your musical editor that if a musical festival is to be held in Toronto next year action should be taken at once instead of waiting until September, and it is a subject of general wonder what causes delay in taking active steps now. I know that the president, Mr. H. J. Mason, is ready to move as soon as called upon, he having told me so himself.

Toronto, June 3. F. H. TORRINGTON.

Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

Mrs. Parker of Greenhill entertained a large number of friends at tea on Tuesday afternoon. The beautiful grounds, bright with pretty faces and handsome gowns, never were more admired. Mrs. Parker was assisted by her daughter, Mrs. Robt. Morris, and Mrs. Wanzer. In the gay throng I noticed Mesdames Burton, Tyle, Ramsay, Hobson, Hendrie, Mills, Briggs, Lucas, Mackelcan, Crerar, Ferrie, Jaques-Miller, Baker, MacKinnon, Gaviller, Chisholm, Steele, Coburn, Kennedy, Symons, McLaren, F. Mills, Misses Watson, Hendrie, Dewar, Powell, Gillard, Clarkson, McIlverin, Carr, MacKinnon, Briggs, Roe, Bruce, Mills, Barker, Robinson, Simpson, Walker, Robertson, Stiff, Williams.

Mrs. MacKinnon of London is the guest of Mrs. Hugh C. Baker of Burlington terrace.

The all-absorbing topic for weeks has been the wedding of Miss Chapman and Mr. Dymont of Barrie. The Ascension church never had a prettier wedding inside its walls and the bride on this occasion was as bright and charming as she always is. The hour for the wedding was set for three o'clock and long ere that time the church was crowded with spectators. At three sharp the bride entered with her brother, Mr. Charles Chapman of Montana, and proceeded to the altar. Her gown was of white brocade with embroidered *chiffon*, bunches of orange blossoms and court train. The groom's gift to the bride was an exceedingly handsome diamond ring. The bridesmaids were: Misses Chapman, Dyment, Bell, Bull, Todd and B. Dyment. Their dainty gowns of blue silk *crepe* with pale blue velvet ribbon and large hats of pale blue *crepe* and pink roses were much admired. They all carried large bunches of pink roses. The groom's gifts to the maids were marquise rings of pearl. Among the beautiful gowns which I admired, I can mention only a few on account of space. The gown worn by Mrs. Chapman, mother of the bride, was silver gray *faille* with train of gray and black brocade; Mrs. Dyment, mother of the groom, was attired in a handsome gown of black satin and jet bonnet to match; Mrs. Thomson wore black silk velvet with venetian point lace; Mrs. Johnson of Barrie wore a cream corduroy, embroidered in gold, and dainty hat to match; Miss Wood of Millbrook was attired in a costume of pale gray and white challis; Mrs. Hendrie wore a black and old-rose striped satin, with large leghorn hat; Mrs. Mackelcan's costume was very much admired, being rainbow silk lawn, with many colored stripes, picturesque hat with feathers; Mrs. Morris wore black brocade with crimson flowers; Mrs. Leggat wore a handsome gown of cinnamon brown; Miss Leggat was attired in pale green and white lace; Miss Gillard's costume was very pretty, being moss green and black organdy; Miss Lottridge wore a beautiful gown of black silk muslin with large flowers in many shades over green silk trimming with pink; Miss Dunlop wore a pretty gown of blue brocade and white silk and lace; Miss Ramsay wore a dainty gown of gray and gold; Miss Baker's costume was exceedingly *chic* in pale blue *crepe* and lace, with large hat; Miss Powell of British Columbia wore a dainty gown of pink with pale gray ribbons and becoming hat of pink *crepe*; Miss Walker's costume was very stylish, being white silk with black stripes; Miss K. Mills looked as pretty as she always does in pale blue, her sister looked well in mauve; Miss Kate Turner was becomingly gowned in white and gold; Miss H. O'Reilly was admired in a costume of pink; Mrs. Worthington, white silk and *fleur-de-lis* in mauve; Mrs. J. M. Young in a beautiful white brocade with pink roses; Miss Roe, pale gray and white with mauve *crepe* bonnet; Miss McIlverin, black and fawn; Mrs. McIlverin, white and pale green; Miss Watson in white; Miss Barker, a beautiful gown of yellow silk and black lace. The presents were very handsome. The bride and groom left on the evening train for the east. They will reside in Thessalon for the summer and take up residence in Barrie during the winter.

Miss Labatt of London is the guest of her sister, Mrs. S. Mewburn.

Mrs. Burton, Kenwood Lodge, gave a charming luncheon on Thursday. Those present were: Mesdames Turnbull, Strathy, Misses Bruce, Leggat, Walker, Harvey, McGiverin and Hendrie.

Mr. Charles Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Young, Misses Chapman, Dymont, Todd, Dr. Osborne and Mr. Ambrose spent last Sunday at the Kallenbach, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Mrs. Hendrie gave a most beautiful luncheon on Friday, the table decorations being mauve and white lilac with lilies of the valley tied with mauve ribbons strewed over the table. Those present were: Mesdames Bankier, Hay, Steele, Turnbull, Morris, Jones, Misses Osborne, Powell, Watson, Dunlop, Turner, Leggat and Harvey.

Mrs. George Hamilton has returned from a three months' visit to New York. Her health is much improved although the throat affection is not quite cured, but we may expect to hear her charming voice in the fall.

The kirmess has been an immense success and the ladies of St. Thomas' church can congratulate themselves on it. Mr. Mickelcan took the part of Britannia and looked regal in her suit of armor, helmet and Union Jack draped from the shoulder. She was attended by four maids of honor in court dress. The parade of all nations was the finest sight ever seen on a stage in Hamilton and the dances

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

Out of Town

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During the last month has been phenomenal, simply because we were prepared for it.

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Kirby Stone—So as to give the police a chance to see the procession, I fancy.

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Will leave GEDDES' WHARF, foot of Yonge Street, west side, daily at 7 a.m., for Niagara and Lewiston, connecting with New York Central and Michigan Central Railways for Falls, Buffalo and New York, and all points east and west.
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Out of Town.

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

following were one and all charming, from the children of four years to the maids of twenty.

Hon. W. E. and Mrs. Sanford will be At Home Tuesday evening, when their son and daughter-in-law will be introduced to their many friends in Hamilton. I will give an account of this next week. Their palatial residence has just been finished and is beautiful both in exterior and interior. SYLVIA.

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

The arrival during the past few days of a number of summer visitors announces the opening of the season. Already so many familiar faces have appeared that one scarcely realizes they have left behind the crowded city streets and are once again back in this quiet but fashionable little Garden of Eden. Among those who have arrived are:

Mrs. and Miss Hodgins, who will summer at Mr. Macdougall's pretty little cottage overlooking the lake.

Dr. and Mrs. George Warren will, as usual, occupy their cottage on the river bank.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunter, Miss Hunter of Seaforth, Miss McCartney, Mrs. and Miss Kay have taken rooms at Mrs. Miller's boarding-house.

Mr. Morgan Baldwin and family are at Delaire Lodge.

Mrs. S. Jarvis and family are occupying one of the prettiest of the many quaint little cottages at Chautauqua.

Mr. Livingstone Lansing and family are at Woodlawn.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Lewis of St. Louis are at Rowanwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop of Hamilton have recently purchased and will occupy the house lately owned by Miss Sawin.

Miss Fanny Small has been the guest during the week of Miss Hodgins.

Miss Beardmore and Miss Cawthra have been spending a few days in town.

Mr. G. Shaw is the guest of Mrs. M. Baldwin.

His many friends will be glad to hear that Mr. W. Syer is recovering from his late serious illness.

Col. Otter and Capt. Mutton spent last Monday in town superintending arrangements for the camp next week.

Mrs. Chittenden and family have moved into their new residence on the river road.

Mrs. Harvey of Guelph spent a day or two in town last week, the guest of Mrs. F. Geddes.

Canon and Mrs. DuMoulin were also among those who paid the town a flying visit this week. GALATEA.

Education of the Negro.

Mr. Philip A. Bruce of the Richmond *Times*, in a note to the paper on The Education of the Negro, in the June *Atlantic*, says: Withdrawn by force from his original physical and moral environment, the negro has adapted himself to his African surroundings, and in doing so has necessarily acquired, so far as his lower intelligence permitted, the ideals and aspirations of the people to whom he was bound so long in slavery; but he is essentially still an African in the controlling tendencies of his character. When left to an exclusive association with his own people, there is a powerful inclination on the part of the Southern negro to revert to all of the distinctive features of his African ancestors. This is a fact of the utmost importance in the consideration of the proper means to be employed for the improvement of his character. The principal cause of the many failures which have been made in the effort to produce this improvement has been the unfortunate misconception that the Southern negro of to-day is simply an ignorant white man with a black skin. The American descendants of European immigrants are, in the second generation, thoroughly assimilated with the surrounding white population. The grandsons of an American, a German, and an Englishman differ but little, if at all, in the basis of their character. It can hardly be said that the negroes, even of those Northern communities in which their race has enjoyed freedom for five generations, are so assimilated with the surrounding white population that they are not to be discriminated from it in racial characteristics.

An Attractive Letter.

Blank—They say old Moneybags can't even write ordinary English straight.

Blink—Well, I don't know. The only note I ever got from Moneybags read: "Have instructed Mr. Walker to pay you $28,000 for them bonds we talked about yesterday," and it seemed to me one of the most charming little epistles I ever received.—*Somerville Journal.*

A Spring Thought for Mothers.

Do not continue giving your little one improper food until it is stricken with summer complaint, but begin at once the use of Nestlé's Food, universally acknowledged by the highest medical authorities as the best summer diet. When the heated term comes your child will then be strong for the battle with the heat. Sample sent free on application to THOS. LEMING & CO., Montreal.

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Births.

CLARK—At 25 Gifford street, Toronto, on Sunday, June 5, the wife of N. J. Clark, Ontario Bureau of Industries, of a daughter.
ABRENS—June 7, Mrs. Carl Ahrens—a daughter.
SPARKES—June 2, Mrs. W. C. Sparkes—a son.
MOBERLEY—June 3, Mrs. T. E. Moberley—a daughter.
HOLMES—June 1, Mrs. W. H. Holmes—a son.
ESTER—June 3, Mrs. G. H. Ester of Bartle—a daughter.
RYAN—May 31, Mrs. Mathew Ryan—a son.
GORDON—June 4, Mrs. (Dr.) Gilbert Gordon—a daughter.
LAWRENCE—June 3, Mrs. S. W. Lawrence—a son.
QUAIL—June 1, Mrs. John E. Quail—a son.
FITTON—June 2, Mrs. Cecil Humphrey Fitton—a son.
McCUAIG—June 7, Mrs. Clarence J. McCuaig—a son.
DAVIDSON—June 2, Mrs. J. L. Davidson—a son.
DRUMM—June 6, Mrs. (Rev.) Drumm—a son.
HARRIS—June 4, Mrs. A. Harris—a son.

Marriages.

LEIGH—SIMMONS—At the residence of the bride's father, 180 Mutual street, Toronto, on Wednesday, June 1st, by Rev. Dr. Thomas, Caroline Louisa, only daughter of Mr. John D. Simmons to Ernest E. Leigh of Cobourg.
CARRUTHERS—McMILLAN—At the residence of the bride's father, 431 Yonge street, Toronto, on Wednesday, June 1st, by Rev. Hugh Bentley, John P. Carruthers of Ottawa to Jennie, daughter of Mr. Martin McMillan.
HEAVEN—BROUGHTON—On June 5, at the residence of the bride's father, 35 St. Andrew street, Toronto, by the Rev. Canon Sweeny, D.D., rector of St. Philip's, William John, younger son of the late Rev. W. H. Heaven, vicar of Nethervoyn, England, to Bertha, youngest daughter of W. H. Broughton, Esq., of Toronto.
MANSON—WEST—On Monday, June 6, at Holy Trinity church, by Rev. John Pearson, John Manson to Louisa, daughter of the late John West, both of Toronto.
STRUTHERS—SCOTT—June 1, Archibald T. Struthers to Janet S. Scott.
KENNEDY—McEACHERN—June 1, A. E. Kennedy to Florence McEachern.
STEWART—DAVIS—June 1, R. W. Stewart to Minnie Davis.
MACKENZIE—ROGERS—June 2, John J. Mackenzie to Agnes Rogers.
WALSE—EASTER—June 1, R. E. Walse to Clara Easter.
BURNS—SHARRAY—June 1, Robert E. Burns to Agnes A. Sharray.
GARDINER—BURNETT—June 1, W. J. Gardiner to Alice R. Burnett.
MAHONY—BRUTER—May 31, J. J. Mahony to Rose A. Bruter.
SAMPSON—MORPHY—June 1, T. Norman Sampson to Laura Evelyn Morphy.
TROTTER—VARDON—June 2, W. J. Trotter to Helena Alexandrin Victoria Vardon.
DICKENSON—KENNEDY—June 1, Charles W. S. Dickenson to Laura Kennedy.
WALLACE—STEVENS—June 7, William Wallace to Ida May Stevens.
CHAPMAN—BENNETT—June 2, George Chapman to Mary B. Bennett.
TEASDALE—O'BRIEN—June 1, Henry E. Teasdale to Kate O'Brien.
MULHOLLAND—BADGEROW—June 7, Fred A. Mulholland to Evelyn Constance Badgerow.
WEST—MORROW—May 25, William H. West to Nellie Morrow.
BARR—FORD—June 8, Frank F. Barr to Josie C. Ford.

Deaths.

CRAWFORD—June 2, Rev. John Crawford, D.D., aged 73.
BALDWIN—June 2, Mrs. (Rev.) Arthur E. Baldwin.
CARLILE—June 2, William V. Carlile, aged 50.
GLADISH—June 3, William Gladish, aged 82.
McLAUGHLIN—June 3, Alice McLaughlin, aged 8 months
MUCHALL—May 28, Mary E. J. Muchall, aged 51.
WOODHOUSE—June 6, Sarah Woodhouse, aged 68.
HARE—June 6, Elizabeth Burnside Hare.
BREWER—June 6, Florence Brewer, aged 3.
PATTERSON—June 7, Rev. Canon Patterson, aged 65.
KORTRIGHT—June 7, Theresa, wife of Sir Cornelius Kortright, K.C.M.G.
STEELE—June 7, Margaret C. Steele, aged 82.
GRAINGER—June 7, Sarah H. Grainger, aged 70.
KERSTEMAN—June 6, William Kerstemann, aged 40.
PRITTIE—June 8, Eliza Prittie, aged 71.
SNIDER—June 8, John J. Snider, aged 28.
REYNOLDS—June 8, Annastasia Reynolds, aged 74
IRWIN—June 3, Willie Albert Irwin, aged 3.
BOOMER—June 6, Henry L. Boomer, infant.
READ—June 8, Arthur Forsyth Read, infant.

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Rich Cut Glass, etc.
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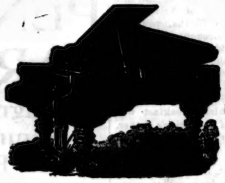

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34 "	3 50	5.50	
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